

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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SITUATIONS VACANT FOR A BOY

A MAN WHO FELL CONQUERING

Great Triumph of a Life
of Disappointment

HEROIC STRUGGLE AGAINST FATE

Early this year a book appeared which all the critics praised warmly. It was the diary of a youthful life, but was called "The Journal of a Disappointed Man."

Everyone was asking who could have written it. Many saw in it a work of genius, and genius means that the mind of man has once more surpassed itself in some way, however small.

The name on the book was W. N. P. Barbellion, but everyone knew that was not a real name. Besides, the book was the kind of confessional writing which anyone would sign with a pen-name.

Boy Who Became Famous

Now, alas! all men may know who W. N. P. Barbellion was, and his sad yet triumphant story, for he has passed away.

His name was Bruce Frederick Cummings. He was Devonshire born, and as a lad he became passionately fond of natural history. Not only was he in boyhood a close observer, but he read widely, even in foreign books.

While still a boy he became an assistant at the Marine Laboratory at Plymouth, from which our correspondent sends us notes from time to time. Then he gained a place on the staff of the splendid Museum of Natural History at South Kensington.

There he was given charge of a section of inquiry, his subject being lice, and how they breed and live on other creatures. The subject is really of vast importance, for lice spread disease.

He had already begun to be famous, when he fell hopelessly ill, though he did not know it, with creeping paralysis.

Brave Wife's Secret

But his brave and loving wife knew how ill he was before she married him, and knew what he did not know—that he must die of his disease. For years he lingered, slowly dying, but always bright in mind to the last. And all the while he kept the journal from which the one book of his life was made up.

When he had finished his book he expected to die before it could appear, and at the end of it he wrote "Barbellion died on Dec. 31." But he did not die then. He lived on till October, long enough to know that his book was successful, that he himself would be mourned by the world, and would reach a fame deeply tinged with sadness.

It is the bravery of this hopeful life, cut short at 31, that will help longest to keep it in men's memory. Cummings lived "to seek, to strive, to conquer, not to yield," and, though he fell by the way, he fell with honour.

A Long Ride to See the Prince



This little Canadian girl rode on her horse 25 miles to see the Prince of Wales

THE QUICKEST WAY ROUND THE WORLD

What is the quickest way round the world for the future? Here is a scheme suggested by Lord Fisher.

From a harbour outside New York he would send passenger steamers, of 100,000 tons to Blacksod Bay, in Ireland, at 40 miles an hour. A bit of railway from Blacksod Bay would run to Achill, and the present railway would be used from Achill to Larne.

A thirty-mile channel tube would go from Larne to Stranraer, present railways from Stranraer to Dover, and a Dover Channel tube to Calais. From Calais to Constantinople the journey would be by present railways, a tube would pass under the Bosphorus, the Bagdad Railway would be used to Calcutta, Burma, and China, and a Japanese tube would go on to Japan.

Then ships to America or Canada, and rail to New York.

Why should it not be done? It is said to be wild in some of its ideas, but, as a correspondent of the Times says, the number of persons, from Columbus onward, who have been declared mad on account of their ideas about new means of travel is past counting.

When steam came in a very learned professor set out the carrying capacity of the ship, the weight of the engines and the coal, and made it clear that the weight would sink the ship; and when the Oceanic came the old fogies threw up their hands in horror, and declared that the man who tried to send such a ship across the Atlantic in winter was a lunatic, as she would break in two on the first big wave.

THE LIONS OF THE THORNY JUNGLE

An esteemed correspondent, who once occupied an official position in India, writing with reference to the lion in India, says it is not yet quite extinct, but is still to be found wild in the Gir jungle.

The lions, our correspondent writes, are strictly preserved there, and no one is allowed to shoot them except an occasional royal visitor, or the governor.

They are called maneless, but they are not a distinct species. They have little

mane, owing to the thorny character of the jungles in which they live. The thorns are hooked, and hold one back, and so are called "wait-a-bit" thorns.

That the manelessness of the lions is due to the thorns is proved by the fact that cubs caught and put in cages have fine manes, as good as the mane of the African lion, and so have their descendants. In 1911 these so-called maneless lions were increasing rather than dying out.

WATER SETS A SHIP ON FIRE

A Queer True Story of
Doom at Sea

YARMOUTH BOAT WRECKED BY A WRECK

A little ship has been wrecked by a wreck, and set on fire by water. It is a queer, true story.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, those splendid adventurers who set sail in a wooden shoe to seek for the herring fish, have been outdone by modern brothers of their craft. The immortal three swagger through the misty seas of a world that is a dream; but the Wynkens, Blynkens, and Nods of our story were real fishers for real herrings, and sailed in the steamer Thomas Beeching.

Unseen Peril of the Deep

They sailed from Yarmouth in their steam-driven herring-boat, and shot their nets for a harvest. But the ruins of war strew the sea-beds over which the herrings swim, and the Thomas Beeching made a haul which proved disastrous. She struck a sunken wreck, which crushed part of her hull, and opened the way for an inrush of water.

"Water, water, quench the fire," we say in the old nursery rhyme; but the water which burst into the hold of the Thomas Beeching set a fire burning!

In the engine-room was a drum of carbide. Now, carbide is an excellent servant when kept under control. We put it into the container of a lamp, and then allow water to reach it; drop by drop. The water causes the carbide to decompose, giving off a gas which, ignited at the burner, yields a magnificent light for a motor-car. But let the carbide liberate gas at large, and then

Race Against Time

That did happen on the Thomas Beeching. The inflowing water reached the carbide and set up a great volume of free gas; the gas reached the fire in the engine-room, and there was an instant conflagration.

Our real Wynkens, Blynkens, and Nods were not dismayed. While there was yet time they rushed their ship ashore, beached her, and bravely took out of her all they could until the flames overwhelmed her. Then they left her to her fate of destruction by fire kindled by water, a fire which increased as long as fluid fed the unexhausted carbide, and created a vapour whose combustion no water could master.

The Silent Bells

The Austrians on their way to Venice stole the church bells of all the villages. The Italian Government has now given 1896 tons of bronze and 40 tons of tin, worth about £200,000, to replace these.

JOURNEYS THAT DO NOT END

Family Life in Trains

WANDERERS WHO CANNOT GET HOME

We are all familiar with the idea of the wandering life as it is lived by people who follow their flocks and herds, as in Bible times, from pasturage to pasturage, and the wandering life of gipsies, who roam as small traders from place to place, making in each a temporary home. Some of us know, also, the family life of bargemen on the canals that join all the great towns of England:

But in Austria it is said there is an entirely new variety of wanderers, namely, families living in railway trucks and being incessantly moved backward and forward along the badly-organised railways.

Over three months ago a number of Hungarian fugitives set out from Fiume, hoping to reach in a couple of days or so their capital city of Budapest, 350 miles distant. The railways through Jugo-Slavia and Hungary are completely disorganised, and, more fatal still, have no coal. So the journeying travellers cannot be delivered at their destination, and for three months have been living in railway trucks as houses, one truck-house for each family.

They have been shunted to and fro, side-tracked in remote sidings, and conveyed hither and thither without ever reaching any decided destination, probably because the railway authorities do not mean to allow their engines and trucks to go where they would be seized by rival States.

At any rate, the journey has lasted three months, and threatens to compete in duration with the passage of the Israelites through the wilderness. Some of the stoppages have lasted weeks.

This is the first instance on record of such a wandering life on the railways.

ST. GEORGE WITHOUT THE DRAGON

Quaint Figure on a New Stamp

Georgia, one of the independent republics formed from the fragments of the shattered Russian Empire, has issued a series of postage stamps.

Like most first efforts, the stamps are crude, the printing being poor, while scissors have to be used to separate them.

The design is amusing rather than dignified. A quaintly-armed St. George is shown mounted on a still quainter steed, with the sun, moon, and five stars neatly arranged above his head; but our old friend, the dragon, does not appear on the stamp.

Georgia, which was an independent kingdom from the death of Alexander the Great until the beginning of last century, lies south of the mountains of the Caucasus, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, Tiflis being the most important town.

THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY

A new society has been formed in France by lovers of Nature to preserve beautiful scenery from the ravages of the factory builder. An exhibition is to be held illustrating cases where industrial works have been erected without spoiling the natural beauty of the neighbourhood, and the society will try to educate those about to build new works, especially water-power stations, and help them so to put up works and buildings as to leave beautiful spots unspoiled.

RICH AMERICA

America has so much money that her Treasury vaults are actually bulging with wealth, and the steel lattice walls have been pressed out of shape by the silver stored in them.

INVENTIONS & IDEAS

Things Just Patented

By Our Patent Office Expert

These inventions have been only just patented, and the Editor has no further information.

A PAINT-POT WITH A HINGED LID

This paint-pot has a removable lid which is hinged so that half only can be opened if necessary. Inside is a small scraper for removing surplus paint from the brush.

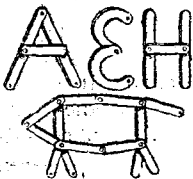


ARMLESS MAN'S TOOL-BOX

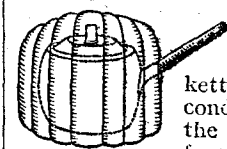
A plate for fitting on to an artificial arm. It has a whole collection of tools, knife, fork, spoon, buttonhook, bradawl, and so on, which can be raised or closed down at will.

PUZZLE LETTERS FOR CHILDREN

Strips of metal are pivoted as shown, and these can be arranged in the form of letters, figures, and many common objects, for use as toys at home or in kindergarten schools.



A JACKET FOR A SAUCEPAN



A jacket made of corrugated metal to be put over a kettle or saucepan to conduct the whole of the heat over its surface, and thus save precious coal or gas.

A HAND WARMER FOR THE POCKET

A porous container with slaked lime inside is placed in a closed and watertight vessel containing water. The water percolates through the container and, acting on the lime, causes considerable heat.



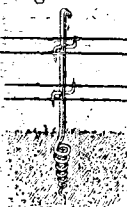
SECURING A BONNET



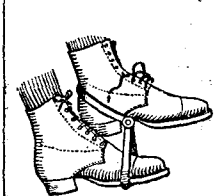
Children's hats and bonnets are tied to the head by a loose ribbon slipped through loops, instead of by the old and uncomfortable method of using elastic.

FENCE POSTS FOR WIRE

These are of metal, with catches for the wire, and at the bottom of each post is a spiral, so that the post can be screwed into the ground by the labourer with comparative ease.



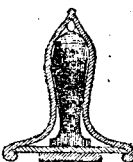
REMOVING BOOTS EASILY



A strap with a pair of rings is placed round the back of one foot, as shown. The other toe is slipped into another strap attached to the rings, and used to lever off the first boot.

AN INVENTION FOR BABY

The teats of babies' bottles and comforters lie about and get covered with dust and dirt particles. This invention is a vulcanite shield which can be placed over the teat when it is not in use, and has antiseptic pads to come in contact with the teat and bone guard.



A WRIST BLOTTER

This is a kind of wrist strap to which a pad of blotting paper can be easily attached for the rapid blotting of writing.



A patent has been applied for by Mr. H. E. Pizey, of 33, Hayton Road, Catford, London.

ALL AT SCHOOL TOGETHER

Why Not the American Way?

CABINET MINISTER AND HIS CHILDREN

Every lover of kind, straightforward dealing, without the foolish show that divides people into classes, will be thankful to Dr. Addison, M.P., Minister of Health, for the answer he has given to somebody who has objected to his sending his children to a good secondary school provided by the ratepayers.

"Why should I not, as a citizen, send my daughters to the school I think best, like other citizens?" asks Dr. Addison. And there is no reply to that question.

Indeed, the people who, being rich, show that they do not separate themselves in feeling from those who are not rich are doing what ought to be warmly praised, and not condemned.

In America children of rich and poor all go to school together; but in this country we are not so wise, and anything is done to avoid the mixing of all kinds of clever children in search of common learning in the best way.

That is the pity of our British snobbery—the looking-down on others with paltry pride, or looking up at others with a servile want of pride.

The Great War struck a hard blow at such foolish snobbery, and Dr. Addison has struck another.

FARMER AND HIS WONDERS

Milk Sweet for Two Years

A fine competition is springing up in the cow-keeping world, and new wonders are promised us.

The record of 2000 gallons of milk in one year made by several Friesian cows is now being challenged by owners of the Red Poll breed. For the Red Polls it was claimed at the Dairy Show that one cow had given 420 pounds weight of milk each week for 12 weeks.

From one of the Friesian cows the owner stated he had received in four years more than 20 tons of milk, worth £200 a year at the price we pay.

It is claimed that milk can now be treated by machinery so that it will keep fresh for two years and not lose its feeding powers.

Goats are coming into favour. A good goat will give five quarts of milk a day for ten months of the year, and cost next to nothing.

HIS MAJESTY, BABY

Should He Pay His Fare?

Is a baby a child in the eyes of the law? Three judges have been deciding the point.

So far as paying fares is concerned, anyone over ten is legally a "person," and should pay full fare. Children under ten pay half fares. But is a baby a "child" for whom a half-fare may be demanded?

The decision is that a baby-in-arms is not a child as the word is understood in Acts of Parliament, and should not be paid for when carried by train, bus, or taxi. If it were otherwise, then in a taxi to carry two a father would not be legally able to ride with a baby carried by its mother!

A WONDERFUL APPLE-TREE

The fruit of a wonderful apple-tree has been gathered by Mr. J. Jones of Swansea. It stands only six feet high, with a spread of nine feet, yet 1745 apples, practically all within easy reach of the ground, were gathered from it. They weighed 305 lb., or nearly 3 cwt. The apple is a Cellini pippin.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



An apple-picker has earned five pounds in one week.

A Sittingbourne hen has laid an egg weighing nearly half a pound.

A Romford firm is advertising, "removals by road, rail, or air."

Twenty-six people died from starvation in England and Wales last year.

A Bill before the Parliament of Uruguay proposes to give all brides a dowry of £42 10s.

Wise People of Bradford

Bradford proposes to plant 3000 trees in a circular avenue, nine miles long, as a war memorial.

Aeroplane On a Cab

An aeroplane has landed on top of a moving taxi-cab at Farnborough, in Surrey. Nobody was hurt.

Sweeping 40,000,000 Acres

Since the Armistice, the Navy has swept 59,000 miles of sea, equal to 40 million acres, and removed 23,000 mines.

To See the Pyramids

The Prime Minister of France, M. Clemenceau, is anxious to go to Egypt "to see the Pyramids before he dies."

Lost and Found

Forty thousand railway waggons stolen from Belgium have been found in Germany. Marshal Foch has invited the Belgians to take them back.

Councils of Peace

Fifty Whitley Councils, representing 3,500,000 workers, have now been set up to bring about happier relations between Capital and Labour.

Sovereigns for Choir Boys

A lady who died at Leighton Buzzard left a sovereign for every choir boy who sang at her funeral. We hope the good boys were sorry she had died.

Diary of 19,000 Days

How long can you keep a diary? A well-known public man who has lately died kept a diary without a break for 53 years. During the air raids he kept it in a bank.

Flight Across America

A great flight has been made across America and back. The distance was 5700 miles from New York to San Francisco, and the lowest flying time was under 50 hours.

Road for 100 Years

A new kind of roadway is being laid in Oxford Street, London. Creosoted wooden blocks are tarred and laid on a concrete bed, and the road is expected to last 100 years.

840 Miles for £2

A police officer who has just resigned at Marylebone served over 40,000 summonses, and once travelled 840 miles to bring a labourer to court to recover a debt of £2. 4s.

A Hare Comes to School

Birds have often nested in school-rooms, but at the village school at Brooke, near Norwich, a hare bounded into the schoolroom the other day and created a lively scene until a farmer's son secured it.

A Coco-nut Surprise

A coco-nut merchant has just been killed by a motor-bus while going to buy meat for his pet dog. He was an old man living at Bow, and in his safe were found ten bags with £15,000 in gold and notes, and papers showing a fortune of £60,000.

Sober by Law

It is said that you cannot make people sober by Act of Parliament, but some figures just issued show that since the law was made less strict drunkenness has greatly increased. Last September there were in England three times as many cases as in September 1918, and in Scotland six times.

A Magistrate's Oath

A stipendiary magistrate who has just been appointed for Douglas, in the Isle of Man, was sworn in with an oath that is centuries old. He swore to do justice between party and party "as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish."

NEW CAPITAL OF AUSTRALIA

Silent Site of a Great City To Be

A VISIT TO CANBERRA AND WHAT I SAW THERE

By Our Australian Correspondent

Our Australian correspondent has been visiting the site of the projected capital of Australia and has stood at Canberra with the architect who is to lay the city out.

Canberra is 100 miles from Sydney, and though the site was chosen 20 years ago as the seat of the Commonwealth Government, the city has yet to be built. Already £1,000,000 has been spent on it, and it is hoped that the building of Canberra will soon be proceeded with.

An American architect, Mr. W. N. Griffin, has won in the competition among all the world's architects. This is our correspondent's description of what he saw on a visit with Mr. Griffin.

Last week-end I went by train to Quambeyan and travelled by car to Canberra, about fifteen miles.

We inspected the whole of the territory which has been selected as the site of the capital. I stood on the spot where the capital will be erected.

City of Glorious Vision

Mr. Griffin was beside me, and on his map he pointed out the positions of the House of Parliament and the Senate; where the administrative buildings were to be; where the great Commonwealth houses would be erected; where marketing was to be done; where the great industries were to be set; and the ground which was to form the basin of the great chain of lakes which is to be a feature of the capital.

It was easy to visualise the future with the architect standing by—to see the aerodromes; to know where the wireless telegraphy plant was to be installed and how wireless telephones would be controlled. It was easy, too, to look back and think how the black fellows roamed over this land hundreds of years before.

The Fox and Lamb

We motored two hundred miles. We saw flocks of sheep numbering over twenty thousand, belonging to one owner. We saw the crows attack the new-born lambs in the paddocks and gouge their eyes out.

We saw lambs that had been attacked by foxes, who first chased the mothers away, and, when the lambs opened their mouths to bleat, made a vicious snap and tore the tongues out. We remembered how the foxes were first brought from England as pets.

We saw tens of thousands of acres of wire-netted runs which cost £80 a mile for net, and they were thus netted to keep the rabbit out, and we remembered the rabbits, too, were originally brought as pets. The rabbits are now causing millions of pounds of damage each year. They eat the crops to such an extent that there is no food for the sheep.

Home of Brer Rabbit

We motored over scores of miles of Australian bush along well-made roads with wire fences on either side. We disturbed the birds—some vividly scarlet in colour and others of brilliant green.

We saw old homesteads that were erected by convicts less than a hundred years ago, convicts who were transported, perhaps, because they were caught poaching a rabbit. They were sent to a place thousands of miles across the sea where rabbits now abound in millions.

The cars disturbed the rabbits as we sped along, and pretty little things they were as they disappeared into their burrows with their white tails uplifted. The baby bunnies are particularly winsome, and though they are such a pest it is hard to kill them when they look up with a piteous appeal in their brown eyes to the man with the fatal stick.

JUDGE'S SOLEMN WARNING

Dramatic Scene in Court

Would that every young man in England could have been at Cheshire Assizes the other day, when, after sentencing a young man to death for the murder of a little girl, the judge spoke these grave words to the crowded court:

"I see this court is full of young men and old men, and I want to say this solemn word. You have just witnessed the trial of a man of good connection and a good upbringing, and you have seen to what a pass drink has brought him.

"I want to beg you, with all the force I can put into my words, to take warning by this example, and for God's sake to keep away from drink."

For God's sake, for our country's, and for yours, we print this solemn appeal.

THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT

What He Saw 90 Years Ago

Now and then at a public meeting we are startled to hear some old man say, "I remember, sixty years ago, seeing such and such a thing happen." Sometimes it may be seventy years ago, and how surprised we should be if the speaker said eighty!

But now a man, speaking at a luncheon to Belgian judges and lawyers visiting England, has told them something he remembers seeing *ninety years ago*.

He remembers walking with his father on the Downs near Broadstairs when he saw a fleet of vessels sailing up the Channel. His father told him that it was the British Fleet sailing to the Belgian coast to establish the independence of a small nation.

Standing before the Belgian judges in London the other day this boy, now 96 years old, declared that he was proud to have lived to see once more a British Fleet sailing to protect the independence of that same small nation. His speech was a striking proof of the wonderful vigour of his old age, and everybody hopes he will live to be a hundred. He is Lord Halsbury, who was once Lord Chancellor.

WHAT BOTHA SAID

The Call Across the Sea

How great a man General Botha was we all knew; but Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia, has given us a new picture of this great man who was fighting the British Empire 20 years ago and came into it to be one of its pillars of strength. When Mr. Hughes was in South Africa, not long before General Botha died, the general talked to him of the tie that binds the British Empire everywhere, and said:

"If you call to us across the ocean we shall come to you. We look to you as the outpost of the Empire. You stand between us and that outer world of thousands of millions which hems us about. If you fall we fall, if we call you we know you will come.

"So it is with New Zealand and Canada. Those who touch Canada touch us. Those who touch us touch Canada. Those who touch Britain touch us."

It is a calamity for the world that so wise and true a leader as General Botha is withdrawn from us in these troubled days, but his spirit will live on.

OVER THE BORDER

Swiss Customs officers now step over the frontier into Austria at dinner-time, because, owing to Swiss money being worth much more than Austrian, they can dine more cheaply in Austria.

ONE IN TEN

Tragedy of French Poilus

Among the abounding horrors of war the most horrible is the shooting of soldiers by their own countrymen. It happens in all wars, to men of all nations.

Men are shot for cowardice, for neglect of duty in dangerous places, and for disobedience; they are shot by their comrades, by order!

Their lives are risked for the defence of their country; and if they flinch or refuse their country takes their lives, as a terrible warning to others.

The French Parliament has now been hearing of such cases. The Government admits 25 Frenchmen executed for mutiny; and, further, it has been stated in the Parliament that because two companies came up too late to join in an advance one man out of every ten, chosen by lot, was shot. The story adds that the officer who gave the order to fire went mad that night.

War is stern and cruel, and takes no denial. It is inexorable. For cowardice or disobedience it has no forgiveness, and that, perhaps, is the foulest thing about it.

A TRAP FOR THIEVES

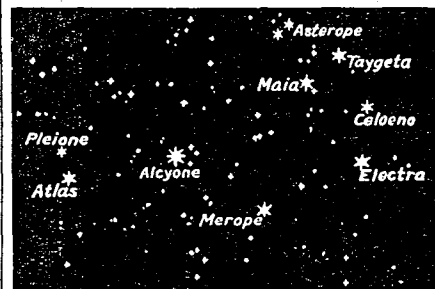
Comedy in a London Arcade

A clever thing was done in a London arcade the other day. Few people who have passed in London the fine, long, covered archway for shops called Burlington Arcade will have noticed how it may be closed quickly at both ends.

Two diamond thieves who tried to rob a shop in daylight by breaking a window had not noticed it, probably; but they found it out to their cost.

A girl in a shop saw them throw bricks at a diamond merchant's plate-glass window on the side of the arcade opposite her place of business, and promptly gave an alarm which caused the gates to be closed, and the thieves were caught like rats in a trap.

The crowd streaming by along Piccadilly little thought how useful a comedy was being played when the gates swung into their nightly places.



The Pleiades. See next column

EXETER'S CLIMBING BOY

Up a House to Save a Cat

Exeter has a clever climbing boy named Thomas Bennetto.

A short time ago he made a daring ascent of the outside of the steeple of one of the city's churches; and since he has rescued a cat from the top of a chimney where it was wailing all day in fear.

To reach the chimney Bennetto had to drive nails into the wall, and mount from nail to nail, and he brought the cat down by the same hazardous route.

It was a feat equally kind, brave, and clever.

Photograph on page 12

THE FLYING CAPTAIN

A French officer, Captain Hirschauer, has piloted three types of aircraft in four hours.

He first took his aeroplane up for a half-hour flight, and on alighting transferred to an ordinary spherical balloon in which he sailed for another half-hour. He then motored to an air station, and took some friends up for a journey in an airship.

LIKE A NEST OF DIAMONDS

Wondrous Bunch of Stars FLYING IN A WHIRLING MASS OF INCANDESCENT GAS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Any observer looking up into the eastern sky on a dark, starlight evening, after about eight o'clock, will readily perceive a bunch of stars occupying an area about twice the Moon's diameter. They constitute the wondrous Pleiades, glittering like a nest of diamonds, and will be found about two-thirds of the way up between the eastern horizon and overhead.

On a dark night it is possible for good sight to see nine stars. Our little star map of the cluster will be found a great help towards identifying them; those perceptible to the unaided eye have their names indicated. These names, commemorating Atlas and Pleione and their seven mythical daughters, were given them 3000 years ago.

Stars that Job Knew

But they were famous long before this, for Job refers to "the sweet influences of Pleiades"; and these stars figure in the traditions of almost every land from prehistoric times.

Yet all these peoples knew but nine stars. Around these few stars they wove their wonderful legends, and yet far more wonderful is the true story that we of today know about them.

If they are looked at with a pair of field-glasses, between 50 and 100 stars will be seen; an astronomical telescope will increase the number to about 600; but a photograph taken through a powerful telescope will reveal over 2000, and suggest thousands more.

Great Abyss of Space

Many of these distant stars are far beyond the Pleiades; indeed, most of them are believed to be much farther from the Pleiades than the Pleiades are from us, yet this will convey some idea of the plenitude of great and glorious stars that appear to fill the heavens; and yet how amazing is the marvel when we consider the stupendous abyss between them all.

Our particular interest is just now with the nine named stars of the cluster—the Pleiades proper, that have figured in the historical records of mankind for probably 4000 years.

During this time they have not always appeared as we see them now; their brightness has varied. For instance, Merope and Electra became scarcely visible in the days of Homer, though they are bright now; while Asterope, composed actually of two stars and difficult to see now, appears to have been once bright. Indeed, the origin of the story of the lost Pleiad appears to have been due to this variation.

Volumes of Luminous Gas

The cause of this is beginning to be understood now, for photographs taken through powerful telescopes reveal a wonderful state of things in that part of the heavens. Instead of countless millions of miles of space such as surrounds our Sun, the planets, and our solar system, there exist vast volumes of certain elements in a gaseous and luminous condition, of which helium and hydrogen, the gases of our airships, appear by far the most evident.

The curves and involved streams of this incandescent matter suggest violent forces existing in the so-called space between the great stars of the Pleiades, such as we can form no conception of. Whirling apparently in every direction with varying luminosity, the whole tumultuous mass of the elements, together with the multitude of great stars involved in it, are flying through space all in the same direction, towards the south-west, but so far off are they that they appear almost where they were 3000 years ago. G. F. M.

MUSHROOM CREATES A DISTURBANCE UPSETTING A STREET Astonishing Powers of a Fragile Plant RAISING A PAVINGSTONE

If we had to raise a flagstone from its place in a pavement we should need a pickaxe, wedges, a crowbar, a measure of physical strength, and much patience. As none of these essentials had been devoted to a pavingstone which mysteriously rose an inch and a half above its fellows in a Preston street, a puzzled onlooker imagined that escaping gas below was responsible.

Men were sent to investigate, and found that the disturbance had been caused by a mushroom!

A single mushroom had lifted the great stone from its bed. True, the mushroom was a large one, nine inches across the crown, and its compressed stem was five inches thick; but little mushrooms, working together, would have done the same thing. Mushrooms arise from spores so small as to be barely visible to the naked eye, yet the mushroom itself, though it is so fragile that a child can pinch it to pieces with the fingers, can break up asphalt.

Man Beaten by a Starfish

No one has told us what the force exerted by a mushroom represents in terms of energy. The amount of force exercised at any given moment cannot be much. It is the persistence of the thrust which is effective.

The strongest man cannot open the shell of an oyster with his fingers, but a starfish can, and does, open it with its sucker-clad legs, gently pulling, pulling, pulling till the muscle which closes the shell becomes exhausted and yields.

There are powers unsuspected by most of us in Nature's humble children. We should starve and die if there were not. The sprouting seed is gigantic in its persistent thrust. The ear of corn comes up through the hard soil; its roots go down into the still harder earth. The root bores and wriggles in the earth in search of food and water, like a living, thinking thing. If seeds did not possess this power there could be no growth, and no food for human beings.

A Tree That Split a Tomb

A tree has many adventures in the course of its growth. In its constant rise and expansion it can split masonry and snap iron bands. A famous example occurs in Tewin Churchyard, Hertfordshire, where a tree, springing from the tomb of Lady Anne Grimston, has carried the stonework and iron railings up into the air with it.

Seeds and spores reveal strange powers in dealing with inanimate things, but they have ways just as remarkable with living things. Flies which we see at this time of the year dead on the window, surrounded by a hazy patch of smoke-like film, have been the victims of a fungus, whose spores fill the body of the insect, destroy the life of the fly, and, to release other spores, explode its body.

The Biter Bitten

Nor is that the strangest case. Many examples are to be found of funguses attacking caterpillars. The caterpillars first eat of the fungus, then the spores set to work in the body of the caterpillar and grow. In some cases they turn the caterpillar into a red club-like object, but in the most notable instance the fungus grows out of the caterpillar's head.

The larva crawls about bearing relatively enormous "antlers" of fungus. Then it dies, and the fungus converts its entire body into a substance resembling wood. So there we have a case of the eater being finally consumed by the eaten.

A WONDER THAT FAILED AT LAST TRAGEDY OF THE TIN MINES

Only Machine of Its Kind in
the World Breaks Down
MEN LOST AND SAVED

There is a sad story from Cornwall. The Levant tin mine, near St. Just, on the Atlantic edge of the peninsula of Cornwall that juts out beyond Penzance and St. Ives, has been the scene of a terrible accident. Its fame before, was great and wholly pleasing, for it continued mining that had been going on for more than twenty centuries.

History first knew of Britain through the voyages of the Phoenicians to fetch tin from this very neighbourhood.

Formerly the way into and out of the mine was a toilsome descent of 1800 feet by ladders; but seventy years ago a device for raising and lowering the

This shows how the fatal platform worked. The right-hand platform moves up and down 12 feet at once; the left platforms are fixed.

A man steps on to moving platform 1, which lifts him to A, where he steps off and waits while the platform goes down again. Then he steps on to 2, which lifts him to B, where he waits for 3; and so on.

How the Fatal Platform Worked

miners was adopted in this mine, and was regarded as one of the wonderful improvements made possible by steam.

This man-engine, as it was called, has been working ever since—the only one of the kind remaining in use throughout the world. It lifted the men from the bottom to the top of the 900-yards shaft, or lowered them by steps of 12 feet, and it could raise 150 men at once.

A great steel rod passed down the centre of the whole shaft, and was attached to a stationary engine at the top. One stroke of the engine raised this rod 12 feet, and then, after a moment's pause, lowered it 12 feet. Attached to the rod at every 12-foot distance was a little platform on which a man could stand, and on the side of the shaft was another little platform on which a man could stand.

How the Platform Fell

The ascending man stepped on the central platform attached to the great central rod, and as the rod was lifted by the stroke of the engine he was raised 12 feet, and then stepped across instantly to the platform on the side of the pit, where he waited while the rod dropped back 12 feet empty, but brought down level with him the rod-platform 12 feet above.

On to this he stepped from the side platform and was lifted another 12 feet by the next engine stroke, and so he was raised by 150 stages of 12 feet each up the 1800 feet of shaft.

While about a hundred miners were ascending, a week or two ago, the rod snapped, and below the breakage all were plunged down 12 feet, a shock that flung some of the men off their foothold, or broke away the platforms both on the rod and side of the pit, and the wreckage and falling men were hurled on the men below. About 30 lives were lost.

The old mine, with its curious man-engine, once a modern wonder, but of late a quaint survival, had passed from long-borne honour to appalling tragedy.

Some of the escapes were sensational in the highest degree. One miner leapt off the step on which he was riding and clung to some woodwork on the side of the shaft. Then he seized a bell-rope and slid down the rope to safety.

OCEAN DRAMA SEEN IN A SEARCHLIGHT Strange Tale of a Ship in Distress

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE
CAPTAIN AND HIS MATE?

A weird story of the sea, strange as any tale of adventure, is being investigated at Philadelphia.

Four sailors have been put ashore there by Captain Sullivan, of the steamer Zirkel. In mid-ocean the captain saw a sinking vessel showing signals of distress by means of a flare-light, and he changed the course of his ship to stand by the signalling craft. But as he approached his steering gear broke, and he could not get alongside till five hours later.

Still, he was near enough to see indistinctly what was happening on the vessel, partly by the glare of the distress signal and partly by a searchlight he himself flashed on the stranger ship; and what he saw was that a fight apparently was taking place. Pistol shots were heard, and the dead body of a man was seen lying on the deck under the beams of the searchlight. It looked like mutiny.

Mystery to be Solved

When he was able to approach the ship, which proved to be the Onito, four men left it and jumped into the rescue boat.

The story they told did not clear up the mystery, for they talked of a four days' storm of which Captain Sullivan could not find a trace. Further, they said the crew consisted of themselves, the captain, and the mate; that the cargo was salt, and that in order to bale the ship they had sunk a well into the salt, and that while the captain and mate were in this well the sides fell in and smothered them, and it was four days before the bodies were recovered and buried at sea.

But this did not explain the pistol shots Captain Sullivan had heard, nor the dead body he had seen on the deck; and so, as he approached Philadelphia, he wirelessed there for the four seamen to be landed and taken into custody, and there the men were arrested for this mystery to be investigated.

THE NEGLECTED ESKIMOS Two Ships in Five Years

In the best of times the Eskimos are a lonely race, but the war has made them more lonely still.

A Norwegian vessel returning from Cumberland Sound in Baffin Land, on the westward side of the entrance to the Arctic seas, reports that since the war began only one other ship had visited those shores, and the Eskimos, who have adopted the use of guns instead of bows, arrows, and man-handled harpoons, have been obliged, through want of ammunition, to return to the use of the primitive weapons of their forefathers.

As the Eskimos have been gathering a good store of furs and skins during the war there will soon be plenty of ships visiting them.

AN ARABIAN LAKE

It had long been held by geographers that there is no open water beyond springs in Central Arabia. But they were wrong.

There is a lake in that region that has grown in size the farther the news of it has travelled. Heard of from afar it is a marvellous lake; seen close at hand by the natural eye it is three-quarters of a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. But it is the largest piece of water known in Arabia.

We know this as a fact, for it has been seen by a British political officer, Mr. Philby, now making peace among the Arab chiefs.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY FOUNDER OF THE FAITH OF MILLIONS

Man Who Revolutionised Ideas
of Science

BRITISH LEADER IN THE LAST GREAT WAR

- Nov. 9. King Edward born in London, 1841
- 10. Mohammed born at Mecca, 570
- 11. Manchester Ship Canal begun, 1887
- 12. Sir John Hawkins died, Porto Rico, 1595
- 13. St. Augustine born at Tagaste, 354
- 14. Sir Charles Lyell born at Kinnordy, 1797
- 15. Pitt, Earl of Chatham, born at Westminster, 1708

The Manchester Ship Canal, opened in 1894, is one of the half dozen most important canals in the world for sea-going ships. It has had the effect of reviving the trade of Manchester and the towns in its immediate neighbourhood.

It is 35½ miles long. The first stretch of 12 miles is through the Mersey Estuary. Inland for eight miles farther tidal action is felt, and the remainder of the course has locks.

Mohammed

MOHAMMED, the founder of the next most forceful religion to Christianity, was an Arab, brought up in poverty in his youth. After being a shepherd, and then a camel-driver for a wealthy widow, he married the widow, but his heart was in religious ecstasies.

Corrupt forms of Christianity had spread to the borders of Arabia, and Mohammed had some hearsay knowledge of them. His own countrymen were sunk in superstition and idolatry. Influenced probably by what he knew of the Jewish prophets, he set up to be a prophet of the One God, and claimed to be the medium of Divine revelations which have been preserved in the Koran.

As he was hotly opposed, he preached war against the enemies of his faith in the name of God, and after his death, war was the chief means of spreading the religion he invented.

Mohammedanism is now the chief religion between the African shores of the Atlantic and Thibet. Its weakness is in the violence it allows, and in its narrowness, which distrusts all knowledge outside the Koran.

Sir Charles Lyell

SIR CHARLES LYELL was the great geologist who convinced the scientific and thinking part of his countrymen of the long age, the gradual formation, and the slow changes of the earth.

He made a revolution of thought, upsetting all the old ideas of geologists before him.

Through a misreading of the Bible it was generally believed before his day that the earth was about 6000 years old. Lyell did not originate the ideas of geology that are now universally accepted, but in his "Principles of Geology" he explained, illustrated, and popularised them.

Particularly he pointed out that the quiet forces now working constantly in the world, such as the action of winds and waters, will account for most of the changes on the earth's surface.

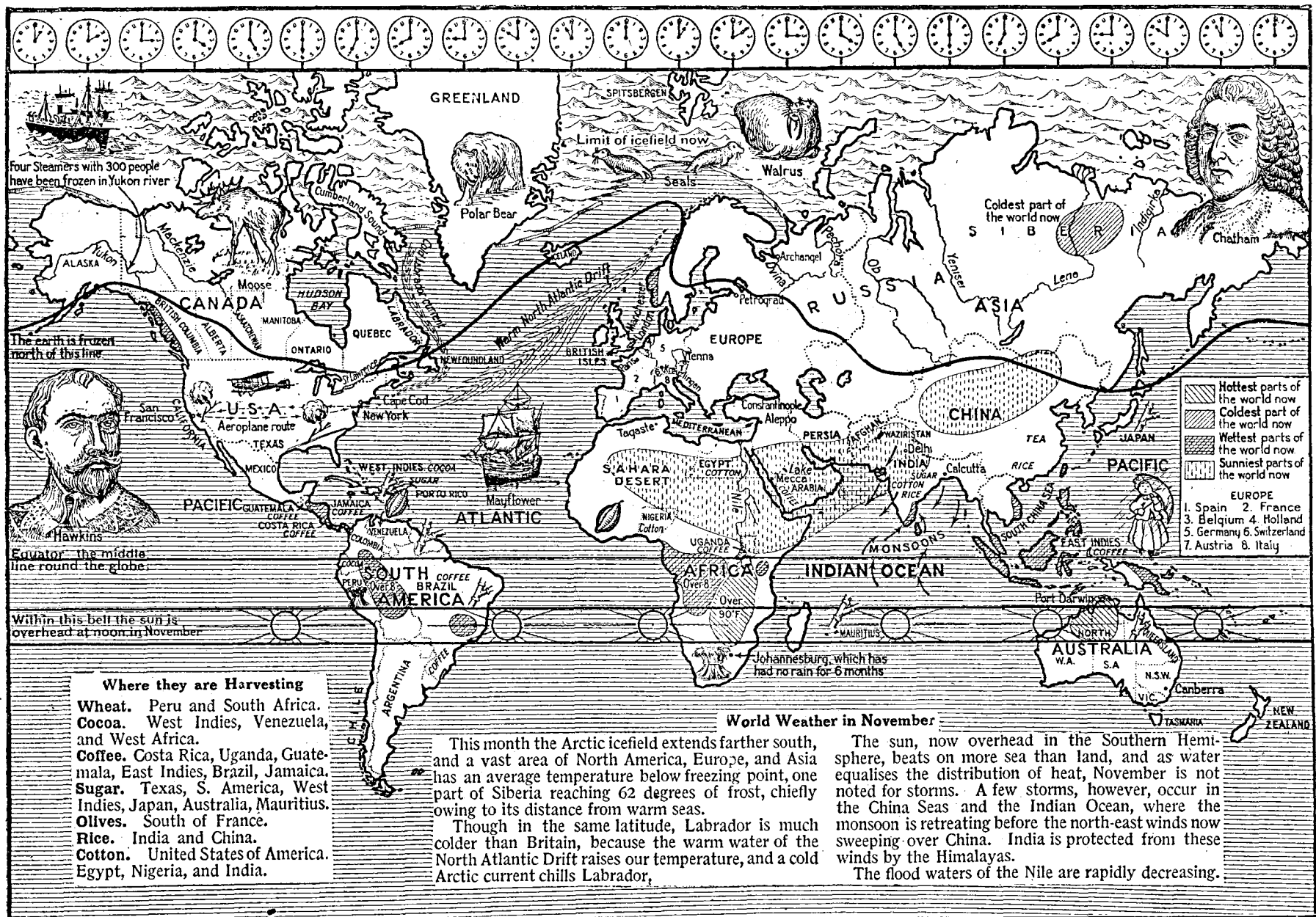
Earl of Chatham

WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham, is the man to whom perhaps more than any other man it is due that there is today a British Empire spreading over the earth.

He began life as a soldier, and then turned into a politician. He was the very soul of British patriotism at a time when the more energetic European countries became rivals for the trade and colonisation of the distant parts of the world.

The chief contest was between France and England, and Chatham was the inspirer of British enterprise. By his plans India and Canada were won, and if his policy had been followed, our German king would not have lost us America. Chatham's work was carried on by his son, William Pitt.

PICTURE-NEWS & WEATHER-MAP, SHOWING NATURAL & HISTORICAL EVENTS



A REVOLUTION IN AUSTRALIA

The Little Colony in the North

COMMONWEALTH OFFICIALS ORDERED TO LEAVE

The patch of population around Port Darwin in Northern Australia, separated by the central desert from the rest of the Commonwealth, has been seeking self-government, and peacefully arranging a little revolution.

Port Darwin is the place where the telegraph-line from south to north reaches the northern coast after passing over the parched lands of central Australia, which are only inhabited, wherever there is water, by a few scattered native tribes.

It is estimated that these natives number 20,000 in the Territory, and Port Darwin has in its neighbourhood about 5000 other inhabitants—whites, Chinese, Japanese, and Malays.

Until the end of 1910 the Territory was part of South Australia; then it was transferred to the Commonwealth, which has sent its officials to assist in the government. The people, however, object to pay taxes to the Commonwealth, from which they think they derive no benefit, and they have insisted that the Commonwealth officials shall leave the district to govern itself in its own way.

No doubt the difference will be arranged in a friendly manner, without any breaking away from the rest of Australia by this little isolated community; but in the meantime it is announced that the representatives of the Commonwealth have left the Territory by sea.

FOUR SHIPS FROZEN IN

Captives of Yukon River

Frost has gripped the River Yukon early this autumn, and caught four passenger steamers unawares.

Two of the steamers are frozen in 60 miles below the town of Dawson on the British section, and two within the Alaska territory of the United States.

On board the four vessels are 300 passengers who were intent on getting out of the Klondyke before winter set in. They include women and children.

If the frost holds they will have to return to Dawson by sledge, waiting till the snows lay down a smooth running surface. In the meantime they are busy cutting wood to keep themselves warm, and to replenish the fuel for the steamers if a thaw should release them.

UNDER THE FRONTIER

Smugglers and Their Tunnel

An extraordinary instance of smugglers' ingenuity and enterprise has come to light on the shores of Lake Constance, at Kreuzlingen, near Constance.

A smugglers' tunnel several hundred yards long has been discovered by the Swiss, passing from the shore of the lake underneath the Swiss frontier guard posts, so that goods could be conveyed from one country to another without payment of customs duties.

Another similar tunnel was found some time ago. Apparently goods were sent through the tunnel during the war, from Switzerland into Germany and Austria.

THE ATLANTIC TELEPHONE

It is expected that within a few months it will be possible for a business man in London to talk with a business man in New York; and Professor J. A. Fleming suggests that we shall also be able to talk a hundred miles from a motor-car as we ride along the road.

RACING HOME TO DIE

The Old Man Who Wanted to See Edinburgh Again

There is a long word for home-sickness—the love some people have of the land or the place where they were born. The word is nostalgia. This desire to return home may make people seriously ill with this queerly-named disease.

People born in mountainous lands are said to feel it most. So strong is it in Scottish Highland regiments that at one time the playing of plaintive Scottish airs was forbidden when the regiments were serving abroad.

A story has just been told of an old Scotsman who, after making money in America and losing his health, had this longing to see Edinburgh once more.

He embarked for Liverpool, and the surgeon of the ship did all that was possible to prolong his life that he might have this last satisfaction; but Death won the race. Four days out from the American coast he died at sea.

Happy are the people born in a land that is always calling them home!

TROUBLED FRONTIER

Most Restless Part of the Empire

The North-West Frontier of India is the most restless part of the British Empire. The hill tribes there regard war as their best sport, and warlike movements are common.

The scene of unrest now is Waziristan, a mountainous corner between Beluchistan and Afghanistan, and the tribes out on the hills for war are to be dealt with by bombing from aeroplanes.

The forces sent against them, it is said, will not be large, and apparently they have been too small, for a column is reported as being surprised and suffering rather heavy losses.

YPRES BELONGS TO HISTORY

An Ever-Sacred City WHERE 250,000 HEROES REST

Of all the cities of Europe the ruined city of Ypres must remain for ever the most sacred in British eyes.

Near by lie a quarter of a million dead, British and French, who gave their lives in this place to stem the tide of German invasion. And we ought to be thankful to the Belgians for showing that they understand our feelings as we think of that sacred countryside.

Once a beautiful old town, but now shattered in ruin by German guns, the Belgians have resolved to preserve its ruins as a monument of the heroic defence by the Allies.

Visitors to Ypres are many, and some of the Belgians were starting cafés and restaurants among the ruins; but the best of the Belgians are showing them a better way. In a noble address to the inhabitants they say:

"The ruins are a poem in stones. Ypres is a holy city. It sleeps; do not re-awaken it. Let us preserve its glory and prestige! Respect the dead. Respect the ruins of our town, which, thanks to the dead, belong for ever to History."

And so Ypres as it is, scarred by war, is likely to be for coming generations a place of pilgrimage.

JAPAN MEETS THE EMPIRE

The Senate of the Australian Commonwealth has agreed with the proposals of the Peace Conference that the former German islands of the Pacific Ocean shall be divided between Australia and New Zealand in the south, and shall pass to Japan in the north, the Equator being the line of separation.

This gives Japan control of any of the Marshall Islands formerly held by Germany lying north of the Equator, but the land areas and populations are small.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 8 1919

Youth Drives the World

Sunday is League of Nations Day. The Youth of our Universities is joining in the movement with tremendous majorities.

WHAT drives the railway engine along? It is steam.

What drives the motor-car up hill and across the valley? Petrol.

What drives the blood round the body? It is the heart.

Listen. The grown-up people you see about you have the fate of this world in their hands. They can plunge us into another War. They can drag along with the terrible aftermath of the last War till we are all hungry and cold, ruined and lost. Or they can so order things that never again shall there be a War, and so that the aftermath of the last War shall be swept up and carried away from the fields of life for ever and ever.

But these grown-up people are like a railway engine. Something must move them.

Some of them are locomotives, some of them are Rolls-Royces, and some are Fords. The best and the worst of them can do nothing without a driver. Some power must make them move. Leave them alone, and they will bring us all to beggary and shame. Get them on the move, and they may give us paradise on earth.

Who will move them? Where is the steam of middle-age, the petrol of the grown-up?

It is the heart of Youth.

If you say in your heart, "We will have the Kingdom of Heaven on earth!" the grown-ups will have to give it to you. It is your vision, your passion, your hunger and thirst for a better world, your chivalry, your goodness, your impatience of the second-rate, your hatred of the cruel and the base, that alone can move the grown-up world to save this earth from destruction.

Therefore it is that the League of Nations must have on its side the League of Youth. Unless we, the youth of today and the rulers of tomorrow, believe in it, it will collapse. We must dream of it, and read of it, and pray for it, and work for it; wherever we go, we must speak of the desire that is consuming us—the desire for a world from which war, crime, cruelty, injustice, and greed will be banished for ever and ever.

So, in every city and town of the land, there will be a young battalion of progress fighting against the torpor and scepticism of the grown-ups. And so, in every city and town of the land, the heart of Youth will be driving the blood of manhood through the body of the State, making the brain of reasonable man vigorous, strong, and creative.

Youth cannot make a new world. But it can drive this world to create itself anew.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world

Lord of the North Sea

TITLES are not often interesting and very rarely thrilling, but what a thrill there is in Earl Beatty's, for he is to be Earl Beatty of the North Sea.

That is a great name. Who can think of the North Sea and not be stirred by the thought of all it means to England, to Britain, to the Empire and the world? And Beatty is lord of it in very truth, for he sank beneath its waters, without a shot, the fleet that had disturbed the world and broken the lives and peace of many millions.



Nearing the End

Then as Now

KNOW ye not proud Canada
With joyful heart enfolds
In fond embrace the royal boy
Whose line her fealty holds?

For him she spreads her choicest cheer,
And tells her happiest tale,
And leads him to her loveliest haunts,
That naught to please may fail.

Old Canadian verse referring to the Prince of Wales's grandfather

The Admiralty Way

VERY clever is the Admiralty, and very stupid is the Press. An enterprising grown-up contemporary told the world that Kronstadt had surrendered, and somebody called at the Admiralty to ask if it were true.

The Admiralty pooh-poohed it, and said it did not know. The caller suggested that the news might be an intelligent anticipation, but the very high official pooh-poohed that, too. "Oh, no! Not even that!"

And then the Admiralty went its way, and a few days later announced that Kronstadt had surrendered on the day the enterprising paper announced it. Even Admiralties live and learn.

November the Eleventh

ARMISTICE Day is round again; the day is here on which the last man died in the Great War. Is any In Memoriam more fitting and more pathetic than that written by Mr. Henley for one who died in South Africa?

We cheered you forth—brilliant and kind and brave.

Under your country's triumphing flag you fell;

It floats, true heart, over no dearer grave.

Brave and brilliant and kind, hail and farewell.

How to Get the Rats

THERE will soon be plenty of rats in Liverpool. A penny a-piece was offered for them, but as only a few turned up the price has been raised to sixpence. Now it will be worth while to breed them, and Liverpool will soon be wanting a Pied Piper.

The Trembling Now Begins

THE Kaiser is going to law. The All Highest, the great War Lord, the Emperor in Shining Armour, the Rattler of the Steel Sword, he whose very word made Europe shake and quake, has instructed his solicitor to prosecute the author of a film which shows him as he was.

Even a worm will turn, and we tremble when we remember the things that we have said.

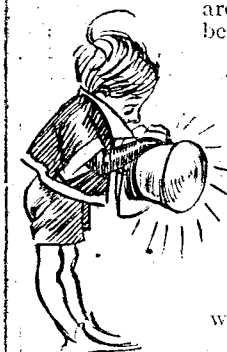
Tip-Cat

DR. CAMILO MARTINY thinks we ought to enter into relations with the Bolsheviks. But are they good enough? What is one Archangel among so many?

Tino has been buying a present. Evidently he cannot redeem his past.

Herr Bauer says the German has again got the spirit of work. If we were on friendly terms we might ask him for the recipe.

It is stated that "the market in flats has dropped." No wonder some tenants are feeling they have been let down.



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW
Why Water is Wet

Travellers' toys:
Mountain tops.

Underground
fares are still
going higher.
Thanks, no doubt,
to the lift.

Board residence: A
wooden house.

The Duke of Bedford has done away with front doors in the village of Woburn. His tenants will have to walk backwards.

These are palmy days on 'Change, writes a contemporary. That's why the brokers keep rubbing their hands.

How Many Atoms Are There?

THE world is made of atoms, and Sir Oliver Lodge has been trying to give us an idea of how many atoms there are. It is a great sum for a clever boy in arithmetic, for there are as many atoms in a tumblerful of water as there are tumblerfuls of water in the Atlantic Ocean. And yet the atom is not the smallest thing, for within the atom is the electron, so small that, compared with the atom, it is an inch to a mile.

The counting of these things may seem a small thing to most of us, but to science it is a great thing, and the electrons of the atom have been counted. They were counted just before the war by a young man of genius who might have won immortal fame, but what he did after counting the electrons was to go out to Gallipoli and never come back. War is a foul thing.

Situations Vacant

By Harold Begbie

WANTED—a Boy to sweep the House of Life
From roof to cellar clean,
Till none would say that there
the dust of strife
Had ever been.

WANTED—a Boy to take the shutters down,
And fling the windows wide,
Till all the evil shapes within are
blown
Away outside.

WANTED—a Boy to scrub away the gloom
Of greed and pain and wrong,
Till every floor and passage,
stair and room,
Are loud with song.

WANTED—a Boy to make that House a place
Of goodness and glad cheer,
Till God can greet each morn the human race
Without a tear.

WANTED—a Boy to grow into a Man
With passions pure and bright,
Believing that the human spirit
can
Put wrong things right.

WAGES—the world's cold shoulder, and a crown
Of thorns to wound his head,
And a bad statue blaring his renown
When he is dead.

REWARD—the knowledge that he plays the part
A hero ought to play,
And the great thought of God to fill his heart
From day to day.

The Powdered-Nose Girl

OUR friend Punch, who reads the papers very closely, has found these two gems in the same paper on the same day.

POWDER. Powder freely from time to time. Never go without your powder-puff. It is as necessary as a handkerchief.

NO POWDER. Yes, powder has ruined more complexions than it has aided, and while you use it you can hope for nothing better than an imitation of a real complexion.

Which shows how clever these papers really are, and what rubbish the powdered noses will believe.

Proverb of the Day



To those who talk of building houses:
The proof of the pudding is in the eating

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
COWPER

TALES BY OUR READERS

DOGS, SNAKES, AND HENS

A Flower That Blooms After Many Years

CLEVER KITCHEN CAT

Miss F. Davies sends from Westcliff the following particulars of a clever cat.

The intelligence and reasoning powers of our Persian cat Tou-Tou are indisputable, but she is an incurable thief.

One day we watched her jump on the kitchen table and help herself to some scraps of meat, while our other cat, who was lame, could only claw the table-edge and mew. Tou-Tou then, with her paw, pushed a piece of meat over the edge of the table to her lame friend; and this she repeated.

Another day we heard a crash, and found Tou-Tou had succeeded in pushing a large pan off the gas-stove. Food had been cooking in the pan for her; but now it was on the scullery floor, which was swimming with boiling water and fish. In the middle of the flood was the saucepan lid, and on it, as on an island, was the cat, drawing to her all the fish within reach and making a good meal. She then jumped clear, and, standing on her hind legs, clawed at the towel to dry her paws!

This clawing at the towel is a constant habit when her feet are wet.

A DOG THAT SAVED ITS MASTER

A reader sends us this story from Zululand. It is quite true.

A boy named Norman Kruger, aged ten years, was walking with his little dog Judy near Tugela Ferry, on the borders of Zululand, last summer, when he went down the steep cliff by a sloping path to get a drink at the stream flowing at the foot of the cliff.

Before he reached the stream Judy rushed forward and seized something. Norman then saw it was a snake of the deadliest kind, and the dog was only just in time to prevent it biting him.

The dog killed the snake, but was bitten by it in three places—mouth, eye, and leg—and almost immediately after the poor creature fell dead.

PONY IN A SWARM OF ANTS

Our correspondent, Mr. John Evans, of Newport, Pembroke, sends us a note in reference to our stories of flying ants.

While driving a milk-cart to town, a boy named M. J. Morgan drove into a swarm of ants, and had his pony so covered with the tiny creatures that it ran away, and when it was caught, water had to be thrown all over it before the ants would leave it.

A FLOWER'S POWER OF LIFE

A seaside correspondent writes in reference to an article on the seeds from Pharaoh's tomb.

Your story reminds me of a flower I have which came from Egypt about 30 years ago. It is the shape of a pear, with a long root.

I place the root in a glass of water, and it will open, and every part of it be full of life. Then I take it out, and it will close up again. If I put it away, or lay it on a table and leave it for years and then put it in water, it will still open.

It seems wonderful that it can contain life after all these years.

A KNOWING HEN

J. Firth writes from Wakefield:

This summer, while I was staying in the country near Pateley Bridge, I saw some young ducklings that had been hatched by a hen swim across a pond and land on marshy ground.

As I approached the hen flew round the pond to the marsh to protect the ducklings, though evidently she did not like being there by the careful manner in which she picked her way and clucked and flapped her wings.

When the ducklings took to the water again the hen strutted away quite satisfied, and seeming to understand that there they were safe.

WHY CANADA IS NOT A KINGDOM

One of the reasons for America's criticism of the League of Nations is that the British Empire is to vote as a group of nations, while the United States votes as only one. Many Americans cannot understand why Canada should have a vote apart from Great Britain.

Like many of us at home, these Americans do not realise the size and geographical importance of Canada. President Cleveland once caused much excitement in the world by protesting against any outside Power possessing territory on the American Continent, and he was instantly reminded that this young British nation, Canada, actually has a greater stake on the American Continent than the United States.

Canada is larger than the entire United States, so that the British flag

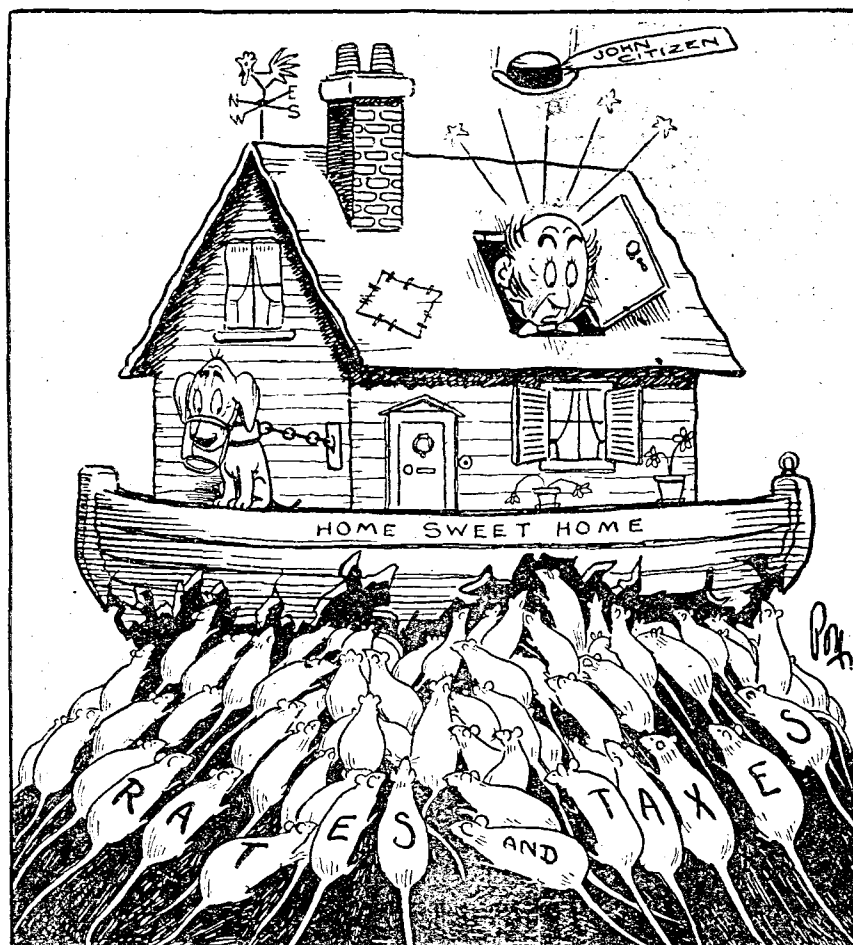
flies over a greater part of the American Continent than the Stars and Stripes.

But the young continent is the home and hope of democracy; and Great Britain has been careful not to try the feelings of the New World. Up to 1867 Canada was a collection of practically unrelated provinces. Then it was decided to unite all in one federation.

At first it was proposed to call it the Kingdom of Canada. But Lord Derby, who was Foreign Minister, decided that such a title might irritate the republican feelings of the United States, and so, out of compliment and good feeling to that Power, the word kingdom was struck out, and Dominion substituted.

The fact was not published at the time. It remained for long one of the innocent secrets of Imperial politics.

WHERE WILL JOHN GET TO NEXT?



Who will be our Pied Piper and charm away our rising rates and taxes?

A GREAT MAN'S LAST WORD TO THE PEOPLE

When he lay dying, Earl Grey thought of his countrymen, and, leaning on his pillow, sent them a last word—a message of love and good cheer. Lord Bryce said of him: "No more beautiful or lovable character has adorned our generation," and it may be said that this last act of his was the most beautiful and lovable of all the acts of his life.

"England's business," he said to the writer in those sad days, "is to draw all her children together and with one impulse to work for the good of humanity."

"I want to say to people that there is a real way out of all this mess that materialism has got them into. I've been trying to tell them for thirty years. It's Christ's way. Mazzini saw it. We've got to give up quarrelling. We've got to come together. We've got to realise that we're all members of the same family. There's nothing that can help humanity, I'm perfectly sure there isn't—perfectly sure—except love. Love is the way out, and the way up."

He said that to England more than to any other country "the fortunes of God are committed"; and he added: "Therefore it is her bounden duty to live for the highest causes of humanity."

Earl Grey was the darling of society; one of the most charming men who ever lived; and he loved England with a burning passion because he believed with his whole heart that God has entrusted her with the greatest of all His missions; and so society could never destroy the soul of this good man, and the world never darkened his spirit; and to the end of his days, even on his deathbed, he was trying to rouse us all from our miserable squabbles and our stupid idleness to make us feel ourselves Knights of God in the great work of bringing Heaven to Earth.

A cheap copy of the book containing an account of Earl Grey's life, and giving his message to the world, has just been published by Hodder and Stoughton. It is called "A Last Word," and is written by Harold Begbie. It costs 1s. 3d.

GREAT FEAT OF A LITTLE FLEET

650 Miles Overland to an Inland Sea

WHAT EIGHT SHIPS DID

One of the most romantic stories of the war, which has only now been fully told, is of the clearing of the inland Caspian sea by a small force of British sailors who made their way overland from Mesopotamia.

Our men were drawn from gunboats on the Tigris, and had to make a land journey of 650 miles to reach the Caspian at Enzeli.

Arrived on the Caspian shore they found Baku, the petroleum port, besieged by the Turks and half-heartedly defended by a Russian fleet, which was doubtful whether it should not join the Bolsheviks, who were holding Astrakhan at the mouth of the Volga. When the British arrived at Baku, the Armenians, who had been defending it, would no longer fight, but left that to the British, who withdrew back along the coast to fit up ships for fighting purposes.

When eight merchantmen had been armed, the fleet sailed and recaptured Baku, and then began clearing the sea of all hostile Russian ships. In May of this year they ascertained that the Bolsheviks' Volga fleet was at Alexandrovsk. The little British fleet moved down on them and destroyed 14 of its 29 ships before they could escape up the Volga, gaining full command of the Caspian Sea.

This expedition, which snatched command of a distant inland sea from an organised fleet, is one of the most brilliantly conceived and executed feats in the history of the British Navy.

SCANDAL OF PRICES

Rising All Over the World

The cost of living in the United Kingdom has risen again to 120 per cent. higher than it was before the war, and is now back at the same average prices as in January. The miners are demanding that the Government shall find a way of bringing them down by half.

Milk, fish, eggs, tea, bread and rent have all gone up, and some of them may go higher.

We all grumble and wonder what is coming, but we are better off than many countries. The following list shows how prices have risen in various other lands, the figure being the increase per cent. over pre-war prices!

South Africa...	36	Switzerland	150
Australia ..	48	Portugal ..	151
Spain ..	57	Norway ..	171
United States	86	Italy ..	181
Canada ..	94	France ..	188
Holland ..	108	Sweden ..	209
Denmark ..	112	Belgium ..	267

CAN WE FILL OUR OWN SUGAR BASIN?

Why does not the United Kingdom fill her own sugar-basin?

Other countries with a similar climate can grow sugar. France can; Canada does—Canada both grows the beetroot and makes the sugar from it.

We refine sugar in Great Britain, but why do we not grow it? Sugar beetroot is a paying crop, which provides not only sugar for the basin and the jam-jar, but food for cattle.

Why should we not make a fresh start with British sugar, grown and made?

A TELEPHONE THAT TAKES DOWN MESSAGES

A Californian inventor has produced an ordinary telephone which has fitted in the base of the instrument a small telegraphic apparatus with which messages can be "taken down."

If the operator at the exchange can get no reply, she plugs the telegraph instrument into circuit and taps out in Morse code any message the caller may ask her to deliver. This message is automatically printed at the other end.

GREAT SCHEME TO SAVE TIME

QUICKENING UP OUR SLOW RAILWAYS

Gigantic Clearing House for London

FOUR DAYS' COST OF THE WAR

A part of the dearness of things from which we are suffering is due to the cost and slowness of moving goods from one part of the country to any other part, and circulating articles that are "held up" in ships, docks, and on the railways.

Why can they not be moved more quickly? Partly because there are not enough engines and waggons to do the country's business, but chiefly, there is a growing belief, because the system of railway transport is utterly bad.

Cases of goods that are badly needed often take as many days as they ought to take hours to get to their journey's end.

Abolishing 74 Goods Yards

Mr. A. W. Gattie, the Chairman of the New Transport Company, has lately been lecturing in many parts of the country, explaining a scheme he has put before a Parliamentary Commission by which, he thinks, goods traffic could be greatly quickened and vast advantages gained. He proposes that in London one great clearing house, of which plans have been made, should do the work of 74 railway goods yards, where now it is done with damage to the goods and great loss of time.

This scheme by Mr. Gattie for a single central clearing house for goods is being inquired into by the Board of Trade, and is greatly impressing many business men.

House of Thirty Acres

To this huge house of 30 acres in extent all goods waggons passing through London would be brought. The clearing house would rise in a number of storeys above the railway lines, and would be fitted with more than 20 cranes and a number of moving platforms worked by electricity.

The freight of the arriving trains would be brought in a series of containers or light boxes, lifted by cranes, and conveyed smoothly on to the moving platforms to any part of the clearing house, where the outgoing train taking the goods would be loading up.

The whole of the inside of the railway waggon would be a loose shell fitting in the body of the truck, and able to be lifted out of the waggon, with all its load of parcels, by a crane. So the railway waggon might be released at once for further service after another liftable shell had been placed in it.

Electric Moving Platforms

The inner cases of the waggons lifted bodily out would be sent at once along electrically-worked pathways to a train starting presently for its destination with a load of similar parcels.

In this way there would be no carrying of heavy packing-cases, no man-handling of the parcels, no bumping and breaking, no delay, and no dangerous and damaging shunting.

Mr. Gattie calculates that for a clearing house of 180,000,000 cubic feet capacity the initial cost would be £26,000,000. By substituting 3,000 motor lorries for 80,000 out of the 120,000 miscellaneous trade vehicles now used for the carriage of goods in London, there would be a saving of nearly a million pounds a week, and the net saving on the whole scheme would be over £22,000,000 a year. In any case, the cost is less than four days' cost of the war, and not more than a few weeks' of our national waste nowadays.

If the scheme worked out as it is planned to work, the quickening of transport and the saving of time would be immense.

LIFE GIVEN FOR A FRIEND

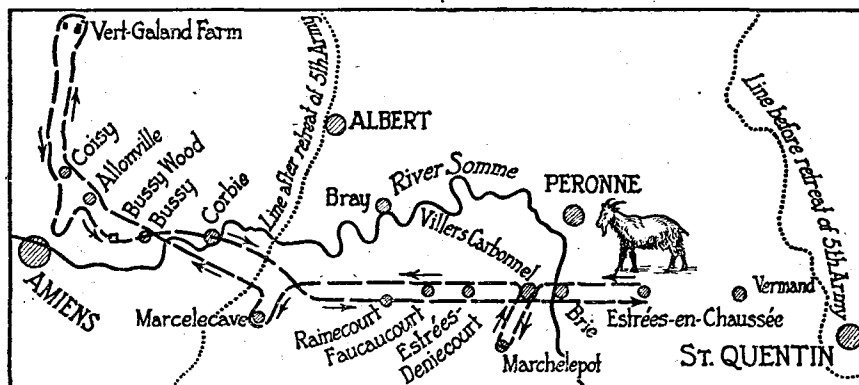
How a Lieutenant Died ONE OF THE MOST PATHETIC PAGES IN FLYING HISTORY

Considerable interest has been taken in a story which comes briefly into the film-lecture lately given to big London audiences on Allenby's campaign in Palestine. The story is of two flying men who died in the desert; but the lecturer gives no details, and it may interest our readers, therefore, if we give the full tale of this tragedy of heroes in the Desert of Libya.

Two aeroplanes were sent out to reconnoitre. One was piloted alone by Lieutenant Ridley; the other by a pilot named Gardiner, accompanied by a mechanic, J. A. Garside. Ridley's machine broke down, and Gardiner, leaving the mechanic with Ridley, flew back to his base to fetch assistance for them. He found them eight days later, dead.

The Last Sacrifice

The mechanic, Garside, left a rough, heroic little diary, as stirring in its way as the tragic notes left in the tent by Captain Scott. It told how the two men, after the departure of their friend, got their engine going, and flew for just a few miles, when they ran out of petrol, and then came to their last drink of water.



The hundred-mile journey of a goat in the great British Retreat. See story on this page

They set out to walk to the brow of a line of hills from which they might hope to see, or be seen by, search parties, found the distance farther than they expected, arrived exhausted, walked back to their machine, and saw barely any water remaining. That night, while the attention of the mechanic was engaged, Lieutenant Ridley shot himself.

Seeing that the water remaining was not enough for two, he took his life to save that of his faithful mechanic.

The Piteous Diary

The sacrifice, noble and stirring as it was, proved in vain. Garside drank the last available supply, then noticing fluid in his compass, which he thought might be water, he tapped it.

"Thought of water in compass. Got half bottle," his diary says. He drank it, and then wrote, "It seems to be some kind of spirit," but he bravely added, "Can last another day." He had a gun, from which he fired signals. He had one searchlight, which he had the courage to keep until four nights had passed. Then the diary goes on: "Shall fire my Verrey light tonight; last hope, unless machine comes. Could last days if had water." But there was no water, and the machine which came sought for him in vain.

Six days after that "last hope" the searchers found their friends. There they were, Ridley dead by the stranded machine, and Garside dead beside his heroic officer, with the moving record written in his piteous diary.

THRILLING JOURNEY OF A GOAT

Retreat From the Old Farm

HOW IT BEFRIENDED MEN IN A DESPERATE CRISIS

An officer of the Royal Engineers who was on the battlefields of the Somme last year, living in a hut at Estrées-en-Chaussée when the Fifth Army retreated before the enemy, sends us this story of a village goat.

The sole remaining villagers, a man and his wife who occupied a part of the same farm buildings as the soldiers, had been warned to flee. Their cart was ready, loaded with everything that could be crowded into it, and the cows were tied to its tailboard.

It was just then that the poor Frenchwoman was ushered into the writer's hut. With tears in her eyes she explained that they must leave their home, but, alas! there was no room for their goat, and she asked him to accept it, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy.

Ride With the Retreat

So the goat, which was a very fine white creature, was placed on the strength of the unit, and was looked after and milked by the batmen.

During the retreat of the Fifth Army the goat remained with the company, riding perched on the top of the impedimenta of a G.S. wagon.

From Brie it crossed the River Somme, then to Marchelepot, and from there

back to the main road, crowded with the retiring men and guns, on to Estrées-Denicourt, where it took cover in a dug-out during a day of "strafing" by the enemy before it went on to Marcelcave. From there it went with the company to Vert Galand Farm.

Soon, however, it was back at Coisy, where it was to be seen tethered in the garden of the château, and afterwards it was found nibbling outside Amiens while German shells whistled overhead.

For some time the goat remained in this district, while the French soldiers excavated trench after trench around their beloved city of Amiens, until the Germans retreated.

Then, when the unit followed after them, the goat followed too, by way of Allonville, Bussy Wood, Corbie, through Raincourt and Faucaucourt to Villers Carbonnel, with its informative notice-board, "This was Villers Carbonnel." While at this poor village the unit was ordered to proceed to Estrées-en-Chaussée, the goat's old home.

Home Again

It arrived at its destination on October 13, 1918, after an unflinching service of milk during the critical months; and, almost too good to be true, the old farm buildings were found unoccupied, and were again requisitioned for billets, so that the goat was actually installed in its old quarters! It had been a hundred miles and more through all the perils of war.

As the writer stood in his old hut with the goat tethered near by, a dispatch was handed to him. It proved to be an order to proceed to England, and so this chronicle of the goat's adventure must end—unless this should meet the eye of one who knows what happened next.

WISE AND CLEVER SNAKES

One that Pretends to be Dead

BIRTHS, ARRIVALS, AND DEATHS AT THE LONDON ZOO

By Our Zoological Correspondent

Several interesting new snakes are living in the Reptile House. One is known as the king snake on account of the way in which it overpowers other snakes, including such venomous species as the rattlesnake, copper-head, and fer-de-lance. Not only does it kill these reptiles, but it also eats them.

The king snake comes from North America, and when fully grown measures over six feet. It thrives well in captivity, becomes very tame, and is the most intelligent of all snakes.

THE SNAKE WITH A RATTLE

It is some years since any rattlesnakes were seen at the Zoo, but there are now nine new ones.

These reptiles come from America, and are remarkable for the curious growth, known as the rattle, on their tails. This is made up of numerous loosely-connected, horny, and ring-like segments which produce a loud rattling sound when shaken. In newly-born rattlesnakes the rattle is represented by merely one button-like growth on the tail, but an adult may possess as many as twenty of these. The reptiles do not thrive well in captivity, as they are of a very nervous disposition. They frequently refuse to feed, thereby starving themselves to death.

SNAKE THAT PRETENDS TO BE DEAD

Also coming from America is a hog-nosed snake, a species that is a veritable expert in the art of deception.

When attacked, or when it considers itself in danger, the snake will expand its small hood and try to look like a poisonous cobra. Should the beholder, however, fail to be deceived by the manoeuvre, the reptile will throw itself upon its back and writhe about as if it were in great pain, finally remaining motionless on the ground as if dead. In this condition the creature can be picked up and carried without showing the least sign of life, its body hanging limp in the hand.

FROGS TELL THE WEATHER

Some European tree-frogs have been added to the collection at the Reptile House. These creatures are usually bright green in colour, but blue individuals are occasionally found.

In parts of the Continent it is the custom to keep these frogs in small glass-fronted cages within which is a small ladder. When the inmates remain at the bottom they are supposed to forecast bad weather, but when they mount to the top it is likely to be fine.

A NOVEL RAT-CATCHER

A pretty little animal known as a genet is now to be seen in the small Cats' House. It has very short legs, and a long body and tail. In the southern parts of Europe tame genets are frequently kept for killing rats and mice.

THE ELEPHANT BABIES

The two young elephants that have lately arrived belong to the Indian species, and may be distinguished from their African relatives by the possession of a single finger-like feature on the end of the trunk, whereas the trunk of the African elephant is furnished with two opposable fingers. Moreover, the ears of the African elephant are of enormous size, completely covering the shoulders and almost meeting at their upper margins above the head, while those of the Indian elephant are comparatively small.

It is not generally known that a baby elephant, when quite small, is unable to feed itself with the use of its trunk, but drinks with its mouth. The new arrivals, however, have already become proficient at feeding.

W. S. B.

The Prince of Wales Falls in Love with Miss Winnie Pegg

Outrageous Attack by the Duchess • Special Interview by Our Correspondent in Wonderland

THE Duchess received me on the croquet-lawn. She was hot and flushed, having just beaten the Queen in a game, played day and night for just over seven weeks, with the consequence that Her Majesty had given instant orders for the removal of her head.

"I've no time for an interview," she began. "My head is to be off in five minutes, so I must be off, too: you see, I must make my toilette accordingly. The photographers are already arriving in battalions. I must go at once and get the newest thing in ribbons. The moral of which is, The gayer the bow, the smarter the blow."

She Becomes Electrified

I replied that my mission was a serious one, telling her Grace that millions of British children were waiting to hear her opinion of our democratic Prince of Wales, whose visit to Canada had stirred the emotions of the world.

In a moment she seemed to become electrified.

"I've no patience with that young man," she screamed at me. "I consider him the greatest danger now threatening the superfine classes. If I had my way I'd pepper his nose till he sneezed his own head off, so saving the expense of an execution."

"What's wrong with him?" you say. You might just as well ask, What's wrong with the Cheshire Cat? Why, he's not stuck up enough. He seems to have no sense of the hoity-toity.

Anybody might conclude he was no different from other people. To think of a Royalty laughing and talking with common clay! To think of him eating and dancing with the vulgar herd! It's monstrous! It's a crime against the Upper Ten Commandments. By the way, have you heard the latest?"

"The latest what?" I inquired.

"Moral, to be sure. The latest moral is, A word on the Rand is worth two in the Bush. As for Canada, the latest poem is—

Prairie, Prairie, all contrary,
How do your buffaloes go?
With horns and tales and little Ted Wales
And blizzards of sn-sn-snow.

Why Niagara Falls

"As I was just saying, You can't go to the prairie without getting hairy, and the last girl in the world for a Prince to jazz with, or dine with, or shake paws with, is that out-and-out little Radical Winnie Pegg. Ah, I know her! And the moral of this is, Girls in fur frockies all flock to the Rockies. No; a Prince that can't ride the high horse had better go West. By the way, can you tell why Niagara Falls?"

I regretted that I could not.

"Because," said the Duchess, "it cannot afford to keep up its high position. And the moral of that is, A flitch in brine saves swine; or, to put it differently, A pig in a soak is no end of a joke, or A little bacon is soon taken, or Fat and Lean should be heard and not seen, or There's many a Joffre

twixt the pig and the trough, or The more in a sty the less chance of a lie, or To cure a ham needs no jam, and so on ad infi-bite-em."

When she had finished this remarkable utterance the Duchess seized me by my nose, and gave it a sharp twist, after which she boxed my ears, and plunged her head with a butt into my final waistcoat button, then spoke as follows:

The Tootings

"What's to become of the Uppish Classes if the Highest descends to the Lowest? You might just as well say that a highlow is a topper. It can't be done. Haven't you heard the famous poem?"

The brave old Duke of Snup,
He stooped to reach a crown:
But when he was up—he was up, up, up,
And when he was down he was down.

"It's the same with Upper Tooting—exactly the same. There's an Upper Tooting and there's a Lower Tooting; and if Upper Tooting fell to the level of Lower Tooting it would be bad for both. If all this promiscuous mixing goes on much longer there'll be a real brotherhood among men, and I shouldn't be surprised if we mightn't have even the Millennium."

"Can you think of a duller world than a world where there was nothing to put right? But I'm sorry I can't stay to tell you any more. My head is to come off in five minutes, and it's most important that I should be there to

witness the operation. Her Majesty's last words to me were these, 'Be sure you don't disappoint me, Sarah.'

"I shall never forget them. She had tears in her voice. I could have cried. And let me tell you I would no more think of hurting Her Majesty's feelings than I would think of shaking hands with a cowboy, or dancing a jig on the back of a bucking broncho. I'm a Royalist to my finger-tips—yes, to the back of my neck. And the moral of this is, The Prince of Wales can't be both Heads and Tails. I disapprove of him. I think he's far too natural to keep up the shams and delusions essential to social inequality. He ought to wear his three feathers, sit on a throne, and sneer at everybody beneath him."

The Duchess Wins

I endeavoured to detain her Grace, being wishful to explain how Prince Charming has conquered the whole world by his grace and sweetness, but she suddenly picked up her skirts and in a panic terror ran like a hare—followed by the executioner.

The last words I heard came from the executioner, who was shouting—

Stop, Sairey, stop, there's a dear old dear;
Don't make tracks. My little axe will cut your head off sheer.

Stop, Sairey, stop, there's a sweet old bean.
You'll never cough when your head is off,
and I'll snick it off nice and clean.

So far as I could see, the Duchess won by something more than a neck. But the villain still purthued her.

THE GAY TEASEL

Fine Show in Field and Hedgerow

MOTH AMONG THE TURNIPS

By Our Country Correspondent

With the countryside getting barer and barer every day it is worth while to notice any objects that stand out conspicuously in field and hedgerow, and among the most interesting of these are the dried flower-heads of the common teasel.

In July these plants were standing erect in all their green freshness, and the leaves were well worth studying, for where they joined the stem they formed a kind of cup or pitcher which retained the rain and drowned the many small insects that were washed down into them. It is thought that to some extent the plant is carnivorous in that it absorbs the solution. To what extent, however, it does this is not yet known.

Brown and Stiff Heads

The big, showy heads, something like those of the huckle, but finer and more imposing, had the flowers opening in rings round them during September; but now that these have gone the heads have turned brown and stiff, and country people are fond of gathering them to put in vases for the winter.

It is from this common teasel that the larger fuller's teasel has been developed. That was formerly much used for dressing cloth, the hooked bracts having just the right amount of stiffness for raising the nap. Of course, mechanical means have largely superseded the fuller's teasel, but at one time as many as twenty million dried flower-heads were imported into Britain from France every year.

It is always pleasing at this season to find wild flowers in blossom, and

in a sheltered corner of some shrubbery or field we are quite likely to come across the pretty little evening campion, with its white flowers, and the pink-tinted night silene, or catchfly, which usually keeps its petals rolled up till evening falls.

Among the trees that are now quite stripped of leaves are the apple, hornbeam, lilac, beech, birch, hazel, oak, and Lombardy poplar; also the gooseberry bush, while the leaves of the larch are now falling.

Good Use for a Toadstool

The most striking of all the toadstools is the fly agaric, or scarlet flycap, whose bright-red top, covered with white warts, could not be mistaken for anything else. It is, of course, highly poisonous, and in some European countries is used to kill flies—certainly a very good use for a toadstool. Though it is pleasing to the eye, it should be left severely alone by boys and girls.

Now is the time to dig for chrysalids round the roots of trees; and moles and mice are even more energetic at the work than human beings. They find the poor, helpless pupa quite a dainty morsel. We can find quite a number of chrysalids with a little searching, and the work of identifying them is a pleasant pastime.

The Turnip Moth

The turnip moth, which was such a common object of the countryside from June to August is now in the caterpillar stage, and is doing great havoc among the turnips, tunnelling through and through till the whole root becomes a mass of decay. Rooks and starlings are useful allies of man against this foe.

In birdland the bunting has now ceased its song, and the wood pigeons are gathering in flocks. Among the distinguished visitors who sometimes come to us at this time are the gyrfalcon, the prince of the falcon tribe, and the pretty little waxwing, a very lively and entertaining bird.

C. R.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



La casserole Un crabe La carte
Qu'est-ce qu'il y a dans la casserole?
Le crabe pince très fort.
Savez-vous dessiner une carte?

PRIÈRE

Dieu des enfants, le cœur d'une petite fille,
Plein de prière, écoute! est ici sous mes mains;
Tu me parles toujours d'orphelins sans famille:
Dans l'avenir, mon Dieu, ne fais plus d'orphelins.

Laisse descendre au soir un ange qui pardonne,
Pour répondre à des voix que l'on entend gémir;
Mets sous l'enfant perdu, que la mère abandonne,
Un petit oreiller qui le fasse dormir.

NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY



The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is Nature's time-table next week, given for London from November 9. Black figures indicate next day.

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Tuesday	Friday
Sunrise ..	7.8 a.m.	7.11 a.m.	7.16 a.m.
Sunset ..	4.19 p.m.	4.16 p.m.	4.12 p.m.
Moonrise ..	5.38 p.m.	7.52 p.m.	11.34 p.m.
Moonset ..	10 a.m.	11.37 a.m.	1.3 p.m.
High Tide ..	2.29 p.m.	4.5 p.m.	6.45 p.m.
Next Week's Moons			

A NIAGARA WONDER

Turning the Falls Into Chloroform

The power of the Niagara Falls represents sixteen million tons of coal a year; and 600,000 horse-power is already obtained from the waterfall by using it to drive electric generators.

The power so obtained is used by works of all kinds in the neighbourhood, notable among them being factories for producing fertilisers, metals and alloys, alcohol, and chloroform. Further water-power schemes now in progress will make the total power obtained from these giant falls over one million horse-power, and so far their natural beauty has not been in any way interfered with.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

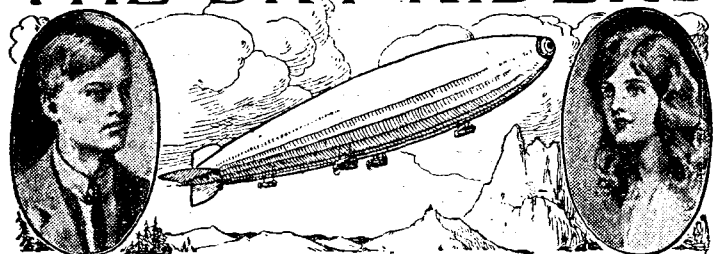
Cut down the stems of asparagus, and clean the beds from weeds. Continue to tie up endive for blanching, and protect from frost; also prepare protection for lettuce and celery.

Finish planting all bulbs intended for spring flowering. Gladiolus bulbs should be lifted and stored away safe from frost. Bulbs in frames, such as freesias, tulips, crocuses, should have all the air possible to induce sturdy growth. Calceolarias, and other half-hardy plants in frames, should have the light kept off whenever there is fine weather.

ALL THE SAME TO THE CHILDREN

The Camberwell Guardians want to give their scholarship children 2s. a week pocket-money, but the Government regulations do not permit the giving of pocket-money. But the regulations permit prizes, and the Guardians will give each child 2s. a week as a prize. The children do not mind which way it comes.

THE SKY RIDERS



A STIRRING TALE OF ADVENTURE ROUND THE WORLD

Told by T. C. Bridges, Author of "Martin Crusoe"

What Has Happened Before

CYRIL HAMER'S father, Mr. Martin Hamer, has built a model of an ingenious new type of airship, which he offers to his employer, Mr. Mortimer Carne, the millionaire owner of the great Ajax Works; but the model is stolen by Bertram Kent, who had been a partner of Carne.

Three months later Kent kidnaps Stella Earle, who is Carne's niece and Cyril's great chum. Stella is taken away in an airship built from the stolen plans.

A letter is received from Kent in which he offers to restore Stella for £50,000 and all rights in the airship, which is patented, failing which she is to be left with a cannibal tribe.

A new ship, called the Avenger, is built, in which search is made for Kent. This airship is filled with helium, a non-inflammable gas, and its engines burn a marvellous new fuel, called Stello, the invention of Mr. Hamer.

Cyril, his father, Mr. Carne, Tim M'Keown, and four men from the Ajax Works form the crew, and they start for Africa, where Kent is hiding.

As they are crossing the Sahara Desert the ship is caught in a simoon, to escape which they are compelled to get rid of their water-ballast. They come down later at the oasis of Tamait to refill their water-tanks, and Cyril and Tim indulge in a swim in the lake.

It is dusk, and as they are dressing they hear rifle shots and the whine of bullets.

Next moment mounted figures come racing out of the gloom.

"Arabs—raiders, Tim!" gasps Cyril. "Run like fury, or we'll be cut off!"

CHAPTER 15

In the Hands of the Enemy

DODGING and ducking among the tall, straight trunks of the palms, the two boys dashed away in the direction of the Avenger, the great dark bulk of which lay all along the sand not more than three hundred yards away.

Cyril was the first to reach the edge of the oasis, where the palms stopped and gave way to open desert. He pulled up short and flung out an arm to stop Tim.

"They're between us and the ship," he muttered. "Lie down, Tim. It's our only chance."

There was no help for it. Out in the open a troop of horsemen, at least fifty in number, were wheeling. Night as it was, the air was so clear that their forms were quite visible. They were tall men, dressed in dark camel's hair burnouses, and each had a band of black across the upper part of his face.

"Touaregs!" panted Cyril—"the masked riders of the desert. Where on earth did they come from? I say, this is serious, Tim."

"Ah, don't be worrying. Wait till they get the machine-gun on the spalpeens."

As he spoke the great white beam of the Avenger's searchlight sprouted out and fell full upon the troop of raiders. Their horses pranced and fretted in the glare, and one or two made a clean bolt. But most held their ground, and several more shots were fired.

A voice came from the Avenger, addressing the Arabs in what appeared to be their own language.

"It's Dad," whispered Cyril. "He's telling them to clear, or he'll shoot."

Yells of defiance were the answer, and a fresh volley from the Touaregs.

"Now let them look out," muttered Tim, under his breath.

Sure enough, the Avenger's machine-gun began its coughing stutter, and a storm of bullets sprayed the sand. A dozen horses fell at once, and like a flash the rest wheeled and went dashing back into the palms.

"Holy smoke, but they're right on top of us!" gasped Tim.

"Lie close," hissed Cyril in his ear. "It's our only chance."

As he spoke, he wriggled behind a palm-trunk, making himself as small as he possibly could. Tim followed his example just in time to escape the flying hoofs of one of the raiders' steeds.

The firing from the Avenger ceased abruptly. The boys knew this was on their account.

The raiders had pulled up behind the shelter of the palms, and were firing from their cover at the dirigible.

"Will we run for it?" breathed Tim in Cyril's ear.

"No use. They'd shoot us down before we could get half way," answered Cyril.

"If we don't, they'll nab us. That's one thing sure," said Tim.

Cyril glanced round. He realised that Tim was right. The men were all around them.

"All right. Bunk for it," he answered recklessly.

Together they leaped to their feet and ran.

Instantly there was a loud cry behind them, and two of the raiders came galloping out on their track. The boys ran as they had never run before; they ducked and twisted like eels. It was quite useless. Men like the Touaregs, who live their whole lives on horse-back and can pick a handkerchief off the ground going at full gallop, are not to be balked by boys, however agile.

Next moment an iron hand clutched Cyril by the arm, and he was swung up on to the crupper in front of his captor. A cry told Cyril that Tim was also a prisoner. Instantly the trained horses swung, and were in cover again like a flash.

One of the Arabs gave a hoarse order. Next moment the whole cavalcade was in motion, retreating through the palms across the oasis. They rode quietly until they reached the far side. Then, with one accord, they drove their heels into their horses' flanks and went away like the wind across the desert.

CHAPTER 16

Cyril Takes Chances

CYRIL, flung across the pommel like a sack of coals, felt the dry, cool air whistle past his ears as the whole troop went flying through the night. He was desperately uncomfortable in body, but much more uncomfortable in mind. He felt that this horrible fix was entirely his own fault, and bitterly reproached himself for having been such a fool.

Thud! thud! All around him the hoofs of the galloping horses beat a tattoo on the hard sand. He

tried to look round, but, though he screwed his head as far as possible, could get no glimpse of the Avenger. He took it for granted that she would rise in pursuit, but the start would take some time, and meanwhile the Touaregs would be miles away. He was aware that they were making for the mountains to the east. No doubt the raiders had secret refuges among those great peaks, and, once they reached them, would be out of sight even of the soaring airship.

In any case there was a good eight hours' darkness before them, and during all that time the wild tribesmen would be safely hidden under the veil of night.

On they galloped—on and on. The horses seemed tireless. Cramp seized Cyril, and he groaned in agony. He began to get desperate, and to feel that, if he had any chance at all of damaging the brute who held him, he would seize it, even if it meant his own end next minute.

There was a knife in his pocket. If he could only get at it, he decided that he would stab the Touareg. But the moment he began to wriggle so as to shift his body round and get at his pocket, the Arab seemed to understand exactly what he was after.

Uttering what Cyril, though he could not understand it, felt certain was a fierce threat, the man tightened his grip on Cyril's body till the boy could have yelled with the pain.

For a time Cyril kept quiet, but even now he had not given up hope. He began to feel about with his left hand, which was more or less free, and presently his groping fingers found what he wanted. It was nothing but a common, ordinary, everyday pin, of which he always kept a few in the lapel of his coat.

Very cautiously and slowly he withdrew it, and his hand stole downwards as slowly and stealthily as before. By this time the troop of Touaregs were becoming scattered, and naturally the men who were holding Cyril and Tim had fallen a little behind. Even the best of horses feels a double load.

Keeping one eye on the tall, black-bearded ruffian who held him, Cyril slipped his left hand downwards over the horse's neck. He was going to hurt the horse, and he hated it. Still, it would not do the fine animal permanent harm, and his life and Tim's, beside the success of the whole adventure, hung upon his own efforts.

Waiting his chance, he suddenly drove the pin deep into the horse.

CHAPTER 17

Alone in the Desert

THE sudden pain made the horse swerve sharply. Cyril had reckoned on its either bucking or bolting. It did neither, but must have crossed its legs, for next moment down it came, flinging its rider and Cyril right over its head.

The Arab fell heavily, and the horse rolled on him; but Cyril, who was prepared for something of the sort, managed to fling himself clear, and though the force of the fall knocked the breath out of him was not hurt.

As he sprang up he saw that the rest had swept on, and that the nearest horseman was a good forty yards ahead. The Arab was evidently damaged, for he lay still, but the horse was scrambling to its feet.

Like a flash, Cyril caught the horse by the bridle and leaped upon its back. Then, whirling it round, he was off full clip in the opposite direction. It went to his heart to abandon Tim, but he knew it was only throwing away his own life to make a single-handed attempt at rescue. Besides, he had his plan all settled, and he meant to stick to it.

The horse was unhurt, for it went off as strongly as ever. But Cyril had not covered more than a hundred yards before a savage yell burst through the night, and, glancing back over his shoulder, he saw the whole band start off in pursuit. Settling himself in the saddle,

and bending low over the horse's withers, he set himself to ride.

Presently rifles cracked and bullets screamed viciously overhead. One came so close that he actually felt the wind of it upon his cheek. But it was too dark to aim, and Cyril was sure that only by chance he could be hit. The firing sent his horse on harder than ever, and, although it had probably covered many miles already, the fine beast showed no signs of flagging. Cyril's weight was nothing compared with its former rider's.

He ventured to look back. The pursuit was tailing out. The nearest rider was nearly half a mile behind. There seemed to be only half a dozen left in the chase.

Now Cyril began to watch anxiously for the Avenger's lights. He reckoned she must already be under way, and that she would be about three or four hundred feet up, searching for the raiders. Then it occurred to him that in all probability she would be flying with lights dimmed, so as not to be seen by the enemy or to give them a chance of firing at her.

In that case—But to follow out such a train of thought sent cold shivers down his spine. Even if he shook off his pursuers, he would be left helpless, without food or water in the very heart of this enormous desert.

A faint buzzing reached his ears, and quickly grew to a low drone. He knew it at once for the sound of the Avenger's engines.

The sound grew louder. Ah, there she was, with her long, dark shape outlined against the brilliant stars. As far as he could judge she was about five miles away, but coming in his direction.

There was a shout behind him. The Touaregs, too, had seen her, and were redoubling their efforts to catch the fugitive.

Cyril's horse was now beginning to flag a little, but those of his pursuers were still more tired. He still gained, and his spirits rose once more. Another minute or two and the airship would be right over him, for he had turned a little, and was heading straight towards her. Surely they would see him!

The roar of the four great engines grew louder and louder. She was almost overhead. Cyril shouted at the top of his voice, though, of course, he knew perfectly well they could never hear him.

She was over. She was past! Ah, suddenly the night was cut by a sword of white fire as the ray of the searchlight flashed downwards. They had seen him!

No. The light fell full upon the raiders, who turned, and, spreading out fanwise, galloped as if fiends were at their heels. From above came a sharp rattle of firing. The Avenger swept on in pursuit, leaving Cyril with an almost foundered horse alone in the midst of that great desert.

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTES AND QUERIES

What is Colonial Preference?

The principle of arranging a tariff of duties on imports into Britain which discriminates in favour of our colonies, giving them better terms than other countries.

What is Balance of Power?

Balance of power is the old discredited theory that is to be superseded by the League of Nations. By it the great nations of Europe were arranged in groups that were as nearly as possible equal in importance and power, and the idea was to prevent any one nation or group becoming too powerful compared with others.

What is a Concordat?

An agreement between Church and State; the term is generally applied to an agreement between the Pope and a secular government respecting the interests of the Roman Catholic Church.

Five-Minute Story

THE WAYFARERS

JOE and Sarah pick up a living winter and summer as cheerfully as robins, and it is years since they had a roof over their heads.

An old tarpaulin stretched over two poles, enlarged with a supply of many coloured rags pinned firmly together with thorns, gipsy-way, makes a cosy enough shelter for the old wayfarers. And they are never in it except at night-time, unless the cold nips keenly from the north, or the rain is heavy enough to make camp-life under the hedges disagreeable.

Joe makes clothes-pegs, and mends pots and pans if they find a housewife in difficulties in their wanderings. He twists the reeds into baskets, too, for Sarah to fill with blackberries and nuts and mushrooms in the rich autumn days.

She is kept busy, this gentle old Sarah of the hedgerows; it is she who rigs up the tiny tent—always close to a stream, for water must be handy for her old man's tea, and clothes must be washed. She is a clean old body in spite of her rags.

Wherever Sarah is, the gorse-bushes are gaily decorated with fluttering garments drying in the sunshine.

Joe rather reminds you of an agreeable old baby, and Sarah watches over him like some fussy hen, bringing him mugs of hot tea while he works, and a mat to sit upon; and, as he is blind in one eye, she finds it easy to give him the only piece of dripping or cheese.

She is as shy as a bird, but it is she who tramps to the towns and bravely offers pegs and blackberries and nuts for sale. And she is as happy as a queen when she leaves the smoke and noise behind her, and sees her old man waiting for her near the gaily-coloured rag tent among the gorse on the heath.

But times are hard, and though Sarah's cheeks are apple-red they are thin, too, for dry bread and tea are not very nourishing.

Sometimes privileged folk who wander in the lanes, and know and love the old couple, gently suggest that a roof would be more comfortable in winter-time, even though it were provided by the cold, remorseless hand of charity.

Then Sarah shakes herself like some indignant, ruffled robin; and old Joe, the wayfarer of twenty years, drops his pegs and becomes talkative.

"For forty years I worked down the mines," he cries, "from the time I was a bit of a lad who cried at the dark and the sight of the pit-ponies, poor beasties, until I was an old man. I never saw a sight of God Almighty's roof except on Sundays; but now me and the old woman mean to sleep beneath it till the Lord calls us."

Then old Sarah smiles with pride in her old man and the little ragged tent among the gorse.



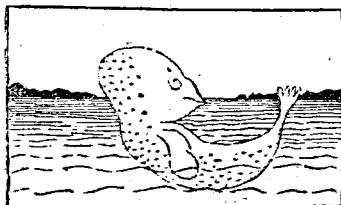
Laughter for a Month and a Good Jest for Ever



Dr MERRYMAN

"We need brains in the business, sir."
"I know you do. The business shows it."

The Zog That Never Was



The Rocking Fish

His shape is something like a fish;
He's come up from the deep
(He's but a baby rocking-fish)
To rock himself to sleep.

What is it?

HERE is a sentence: What is it?
it? ALLO. *Solution next week*

Jack and Samson

JACK, eating ripened cheese, did say,
"Like Samson, I my thousands slay."
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,
And with the self-same weapon, too."

Lamb and His Chief

"MR. LAMB," said his chief at the India House one day,
"you always come very late of a morning."
"Y-yes, s-sir," replied Charles Lamb, who stuttered, "b-but I always go-go early."

Riddle in Rhyme

I'm in everyone's way, yet no one
I step;
My four arms each day
Do round and round
play,
And my head is nailed
on at the top.

November in England

No sun, no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time
of day;
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue,
No road, no street, no "t'other
side the way."
No end to any "row,"
No indications where the
crescents go;
No top to any steeple,
No recognition of familiar people,
No courtesies for showing 'em,
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all, no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion,
"No go"—by-land or ocean—
No mail, no post,
No news from any foreign coast.
No park, no ring, no afternoon
gentility,
No company, no nobility;
No warmth, no cheerfulness, or
healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any
member,
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no
bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves,
no birds—
November! THOMAS HOOD

Poser

If the jugs are ewers, is the car-
mine?

Small Change

IN how many different ways
can you pay the sum of
7s. 3d. in current coins without
ever using exactly the same set of
coins a second time?
Answer: 1,062,102.

Swan Swam

Swan swam over the sea;
Swim, swan, swim;
Swan swam back again,
Well swam swan.

Do You Live at Ilfracombe?

ILFRACOMBE was formerly Alfreds-
combe, the combe, or valley, be-
longing to one of the family of Alfred.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE
THE names represented by the
pictures were Guy and Lily.

Adventures of Hoity Toity and Molly Coddle

CHAPTER 5



TURNING a bend in the road, they were a little alarmed
to see a grimy, tattered, dangerous-looking man squatting
under the hedge by the wayside eating scraps out of a piece
of newspaper.

They knew he was a tramp, and Aunt Humpty said tramps
were generally robbers, so they decided to hurry past. But
just as they were close to him he called in a loud voice:

"Hullo, where are you off to?"

"London," said Hoity, coldly.

"London? That's where I come from. What are you
going there for?"

Hoity put his nose in the air as if he hadn't heard him;
but Molly felt it was better to be polite. If they annoyed him
he might spring up and make a sudden rush at them.

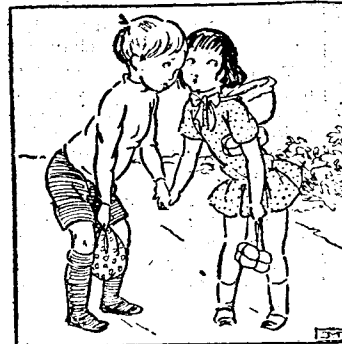
"We're going to Africa," she said.

"Africa? I know Africa. A pretty place, but hot and
full of niggers. Come here, and tell me all about it."

They hesitated. He did not look like a man to be trusted;
but nobody else was in sight, and even Hoity knew it would



A grimy, tattered, dangerous-looking
man was squatting by the wayside



"Miss Tritter says we must not
judge by appearances," said Molly



He picked out a large bone with rags of meat on; and Molly, anxious not
to aggravate him, accepted it

be silly to put him in a bad temper, so he stopped when Molly,
taking his hand, murmured, "Miss Tritter"—that was her
governess—"says we must not judge by appearances. He
doesn't seem nice, but he may be." So they went towards him.

"Sit down," he cried in a friendly voice. "You this side
o' me, and you that. Hungry? Like a bite o' something?"

The greasy stuff in his paper was not what you would care
to eat, but before they could answer he picked out a bone
with rags of meat on and tried to thrust it into Hoity's hand.

"No, thank you," Hoity shrank away and sniffed. "I've
had my breakfast."

"Proud, are we!" he laughed. "Here! You catch hold,
missie. Sorry there ain't no salt or mustard."

Anxious not to aggravate him, Molly accepted the bone, and,
though it was not clean, pretended to bite at it, but soon,
while he was not looking, dropped it under the hedge.

"Tasty, eh?" he asked, eating all the time. "Have
another?"

"No, thank you," she said. "I couldn't eat any more."

"Just as you like. But you'll be hungry before you get
to Africa," he said. "What are you going there for? Why,
what ever's this?"

He dug a finger at Molly's parcels, and she said it was food.

"And what's this?" He jabbed at Hoity's knotted handker-
chief, then at his pockets, exclaiming: "Why, you're bulging
all over. What have you got here?"

They looked across him at each other, and wondered
whether to tell him or to jump up quickly and run.

More Next Week

The Truth-Teller

MORE than a thousand years
ago a little boy of twelve
and his brothers, the children of a
king, were shown a beautifully-
illuminated book of poetry by
their mother, who promised to
give it to the one who first learnt
to read. The small boy had
always been fond of poetry, and
he made up his mind to win
the book. And he did.

After the death of his father
and eldest brother, he became
king; but his country was over-
run by hordes of fierce pirates,
who came across the seas, and
very soon he was a fugitive on a
lonely island in a Somerset
marsh. There he had many
adventures, one of which, in the
cottage of a cowkeeper, is known
to every boy and girl.

One day he went disguised as
a minstrel to the camp of his
enemies, and, while playing and
singing to them, listened to their
conversation and discovered
their plans. Then, gathering an
army, he was able to defeat them
in a famous battle which gave
him back his throne.

Gradually the king extended
and consolidated his realm, until
he became the most powerful
monarch England had yet had,
and some think he began the
division of the country into
shires. He was a great lover
of learning, and encouraged
education for his people.

"When I took the kingdom,"
he said, "very few on this side
of the Humber, very few beyond,
and not one that I can recollect
south of the Thames, could
understand their prayers in
English, or could translate a
letter from Latin into English."
It was to remedy this that he
encouraged the establishment of
schools at the monasteries. He
himself did much writing and
translating, and was probably
one of the most educated men
of his time.

He made many good laws,
and set an example to all by
his own just and blameless life,
and he was known to the people
of his day as the Truth-teller.

He fought in person 56 battles
on sea and land, and was really
the founder of the British Navy.
Once, when his enemies sailed
up a river, he had a channel dug
and drained the river, leaving
their boats lying on their sides.

A famous biographer says of
him: "No king or hero of
antiquity or modern times can
be compared with him for so
many distinguished quali-
ties, and each
so excellent.

His figure re-
mains one of
the most per-
fect ever held
up by the hand
of God as a
mirror to the
world and its rulers." Here
his portrait. Who was he?



Last Week's Name—Lord Byron

Jacko's Big Brother

"JACKO," said his mother one morning, "take this cup of
coffee up to your brother, and tell him if his cold is no
better not to get up just yet."

"Tell him to stay in bed till dinner-time," said his father.

"Don't let him get up," he added, turning to Mrs. Jacko.

"What a fuss to make about an old cold!" muttered Jacko,
as he picked up the steaming cup and marched off to the bedroom.

There was Adolphus lying flat on his back with his mouth
wide open. He was fast asleep, but he was snoring so loudly
that Jacko burst out laughing. "What a racket!" he said.

And then his eyes wandered down to the bottom of the bed.

"But your feet don't look too comfy, old man," he said, for
they were sticking right out of the blankets. He looked at the
great bare toes against the bedpost, and began to chuckle.

"Don't let him get up, my dear," quoted Master Jacko softly.

He whipped out his handkerchief, wound it first round his
brother's big toe and then round the bedpost, and knotted it fast.

Adolphus woke up with a start. "Help!" he yelled.

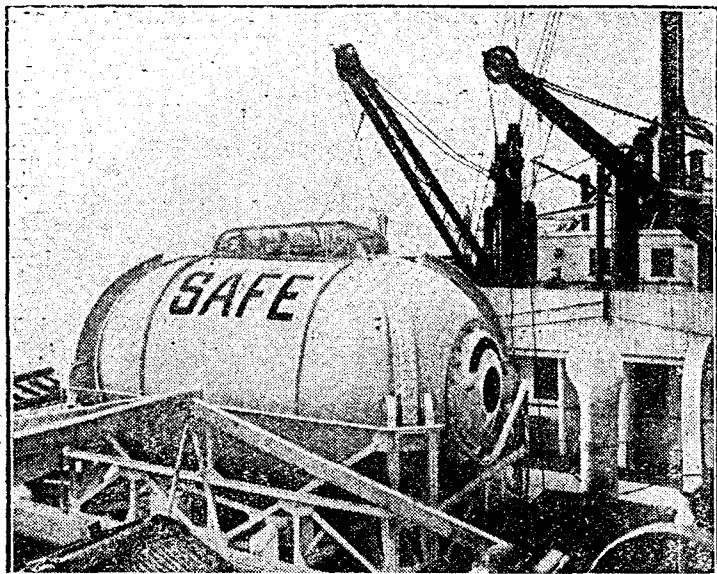


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SAFETY DEVICE FOR ATLANTIC MAILS. AEROPLANE CRASH ON ALPINE PEAKS



One of the new iron safes for mails on the decks of steamers. If the ship is wrecked the tank floats and the mails are saved



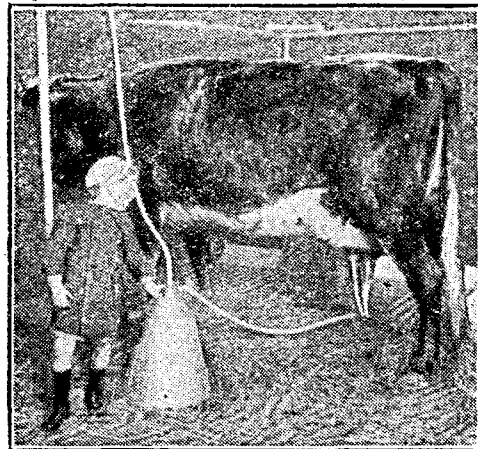
Exeter boy, with cat he rescued from a roof. See page 3



Geography made interesting: the Children's Newspaper used as a reader in a London County Council School



The youngest milkmaid at the Show, aged 11



The latest mechanical milker
Will the milkmaid pass away? Companion pictures at the Dairy Show



Swiss aviator's narrow escape on the Alps. He tried to land on what appeared a safe place, but crashed on the edge of a crevasse



President Wilson addressing 50,000 people by aid of an electrical megaphone



A monster manatee, or sea-cow, in the New York Zoo—the largest ever made captive



The Prime Minister talks to a group of Sheffield orphan boys



The Easuto chiefs in London don European dress. Coming from a warm country, they need heavy coats to protect them from our climate



The victorious Italian, General Diaz, comes to England to receive well-earned honours